This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07029409 9

Roger Lee

Clement XIV
Clem. * XIV
1838 B
LIB

LETTERS

OF POPE

CLEMENT XIV.

(GANGANELLI.)

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

ANECDOTES OF HIS LIFE.

TRANSLATED

FROM THE FRENCH.

The Fifth Edition.

VOL III.

London:

Printed by T. Plummer, Seething-Lane,
FOR R. DUTTON, 45, GRACECHURCH-STREET.

1809.

NEW YORK PUBLIC

ADVERTISEMENT

BY THE

FRENCH EDITOR.

THIS Volume requires neither Preface nor Apology, to entitle it to the approbation of the public; besides its being the continuation of a book, which has been already translated into several different languages, spread all over Europe, and highly esteemed in every Court, it carries so strong an impression of the immortal Ganganelli, that his soul, heart, and genius may be traced in every page.

I appeal to the historical portrait of that illustrious Pontiff, drawn by the masterly hand of a learned Italian, who had the happiness of being particularly intimate with Ganganelli, which he has delineated in the following letter of the 20th November, 1776. I intreat the favour of my

readers to attend to it, and they will evidently see the most perfect conformity between the person of Clement XIV. and his Letters which I have published:

"A just discernment, a perfect mastery of his "passions, a rectitude of heart, with a penetrat- "ing insight, formed the proper and original phi- "losophy of Ganganelli. It was obscured by "the philosophy of Scotus, in which he had been "educated, and the narrow limits of his cell "might be said to have cramped the natural vi- "gour of his mind.

"However, it must be allowed that he derived "some advantage from his being shut up in a "cloister, and it was probably owing to it, that "he was capable of moderating that lively ima- "gination, which, in his youth, was apt to run "to excess, although always attended by inno- "cence and good manners; to it he owed that "disinterestedness, which the religion he was "bred in always inspires; with that silence and "dislike to honours which became systematical "with him, that he might neither be exposed to "envy nor persecution. Reading excellent books, "particularly French, with the conversation of

"men

" men of Genius, and a great intimacy with " truth, in some degree restored to him what he " must otherwise have lost by a life spent in the " cloister.

" A happy memory made him uncommonly " well acquainted with the chronology of Church " History, and became a very considerable part " of his Theology.

" Seeing that he could not depend upon the " futile doctrines of the Peripateties, which, in " an age of reasoning and analyzing, were justly " rejected, he employed a penetrating spirit in " observing the different nations, and different " governments in the universe, which furnished " him with a store of excellent political and œco- " nomical theorems. I have often, with a great " deal of pleasure, heard him converse upon " these subjects.

" The tractability of his disposition did not by " any means subject him to be led away by old " customs, though he was sensible of the neces- " sity of conforming to the rules of discretion " prescribed by society.

" The distinction which he was capable of mak- " ing between established principles, discipline,

" and extravagant opinions, enabled him to get " the better of national prejudices, and placed " him in a respectable light in the eyes of all the " courts around him. The gentleness of his tem- " per was so conformable to the spirit of the Gos- " pel, that he was inspired with a love of peace " and toleration.

" The liveliness of his disposition exposed him " sometimes to hypochondriacal attacks, for which " reason he frequently added a dose of the artifi- " cial to his natural gaiety.

" Choice of conversation, lively sallies of hu- " mour, and sometimes amusing raillery, made a " great part of his innocent relaxation. His dis- " course comprehended a great deal, but was con- " veyed in few words. He loved arguments, but " he hated disputes, and a relation of facts with " which he was acquainted was always adduced " in support of his reasonings.

" His temper, naturally virtuous, was restrained " with so much attention, that he acquired a com- " mand over himself sufficient to confine his vi- " vacity within his own breast, well knowing the " necessity of being guarded against that heat " which might lead him inadvertently to use some

" improper

" improper expression: and by this means he was " a perfect stranger to hatred and fanaticism."

What better proof can be brought, than this picture, which is worthy of a Tacitus, to shew that we have not spoken for Ganganelli, by publishing a collection of Letters, wherein it is evidently seen that he was intimately acquainted with French books, and foreign nations, as well as being capable of making solid reflections against false zeal and pretended devotion, and in which we find a love of peace and toleration, perfectly agreeable to the Gospel?

His excellency Monsignor MONINO, formerly Minister from the Court of Spain to the Holy See supports the authenticity of these Letters, by one written entirely with his own hand, and dated at Rome the 10th of October, 1776, wherein he observes to me: *That, if they are not the production of Ganganelli, the Writer must have assumed the same genius, the same doctrines, the same maxims, his character, his natural gaiety and vivacity, of which he has been an occular witness during many long and frequent conversations.*

If I, who never had the happiness of conversing with him but three times in my life, have been able

able to speak the language of Clement XIV. with such energy and precision, it must be allowed that I have become a very great man in a short time, and that there never was an example of such a phenomenon.

Besides the Dedication of the Thesis to F. Ganganelli, which was so solemnly defended at Turin in the year 1749, surely cannot be called an after-stroke. In the Encomium which was written at that time, they boast of the excellent productions from the pen of that learned Friar, among which they should have reckoned a little piece which he wrote at the desire of Cardinal Cibo, with his *Reflections upon Man, upon Zeal, upon Style, public Libraries, and different Nations, &c.* Although these reflections were retouched a few years after by Ganganelli's own hand, and sent to different friends, yet they existed before the Dedication, which makes mention of them as follows: *Disertissimis ac doctissimis tuis ita delectantur scriptis, tum Præceptores, tum Discipuli, ut omnium jam terantur manibus, ac per orbem Seraphicum, absque præli adminiculo, sed solâ celeberrimi Authoris famâ, tanquam velocissimis deportata pennis, longe lateque circumferantur.*

However

However little we may attempt to analyze the dedicatory Epistle, which is to be found entire at the end of the Letters, we must be convinced that *the prudence, chearfulness, gentleness, affability, eloquence and learning*, which shine so eminently in Ganganelli's Letters, are not imaginary.

There are likewise some other pieces to be compared with the Letters. His splendid Discourse, which he delivered at the holding a General Chapter of his Order in 1741, in praise of Benedict XIV. (Lambertini) is a work which cannot be denied to be his, and proves, by every phrase, that Ganganelli had a just and perfect idea of true eloquence, and in his Letters treats that subject like a master perfectly acquainted with the rules.

I might have likewise preserved myself *incognito*, which was by no means difficult for me to have done, if I had employed a pious fraud, to give to the world a work filled with sound religious doctrine under a respectable name; but I stepped forth because I am sincere.

It argues entire ignorance of the Italians, and is even an insult to Rome, to attempt to persuade the public that Ganganelli's Letters cannot be the produce of that country, because false zeal and dissembled

dissembled piety are combated in them, and that they shew an acquaintance with different nations.

There are men of the clearest understanding, and the most free from superstition, to be met with in Italy, not only in the sacred College, but likewise among the Dignitaries of the Church, and among the Religious Orders in all the different states; and from that country which is truly fertile of genius, we have excellent productions daily issuing into the world upon sound Theology, with directions for regulating our zeal, and instructions for the practice of true devotion.

The Treatise of *Muratori Della Devozione Regolata*, which may be called The Overthrow of Superstition, will very soon be printed in French, and the more it will alarm the pretended Zealots or false Devotees, the more will it engage the Lovers of solid Piety. The Translator is perfectly acquainted with both languages, and he could not employ his knowledge more seasonably, nor to better purpose.

But wherefore need I go so far back as Muratori, to shew that Italy is perfectly acquainted with the abuse of zeal and devotion? A young prince*, who is both virtuous and amiable, and daily quoted

* Prince Louis de Gonzague de Castiglione.

as a prodigy of learning and genius, very lately delivered an elegant discourse in the middle of Rome, in praise of the Letters, in which he expressed himself with the most lively energy against Fanaticism and Superstition: a Discourse most solemnly approved by the Reverend Father Richini, of the Order of St. Dominick, Master of the sacred Palace, which in every page exalts the knowledge of the present age, and extols French compositions, which perhaps we could not venure to praise without running a risk of giving offence to the ill-informed.

But far from persisting any longer in repeating proofs which may be found collected in two little pamphlets, printed by Monory, I will conclude with saying, that what this excellent collection has advanced against excesses in zeal or devotion, cannot be attacked without attacking the reverend Fathers Bourdaloue, Cheminais, and de Neuville upon the very same grounds. There can be nothing stronger than the manner in which they attack *proud Piety, ridiculous Piety,* and *obstinate Piety;* with what colours they represent those enthusiastic bigots, *who prefer the counsels of the Gospel to its precepts, and who are Devotees without being Christians.*

Some Letters will be found in this volume, written to persons still living, and therefore it will no more be repeated that none have appeared but such as are addressed to people who no longer exist, and there it will be evidently seen that Ganganelli very readily gave liberty to read books which were prohibited, and of course that he could grant permission to read the history of Giannone.

The sincerity which guides my pen has not permitted me to abridge the phrases which are to be found in my works. I have left things just as I found them, because from the first moment of my getting possession of the Writings of Ganganelli, I own that I laid them under contribution. Besides, when we translate, we still preserve our own style and manner of thinking, which is so true, that the whole of my *Picture of Death* would be found in *Young's Night Thoughts*, if I had been their Editor.

The Italian Editor of the Letters, which it was proposed not to publish until all Europe was acquainted them in a language which is familiar, will very soon make its appearance. As to the Italian Edition of these Letters, which has been printed

printed at Florence, it is nothing but a literal translation from the French, and cannot fail to prove that the Italian, which is now about to be published, is the genuine original.

I have only to add to these particulars, which are equally tiresome to the reader and to myself, that they who still have any doubts, but not those who desire to doubt, if they will do me the honour to come and see me, will be shewn what they will acknowledge to be very weighty testimony in favour of the authenticity of these Letters, which I have at present in my possession, although I cannot take the liberty to expose the names of people who do not choose to have them printed: but particularly they will have an opportunity of seeing a letter which was written to me from Rome the 4th of last December by a person of real merit and distinguished rank, who says, *that the generality of the people, who abuse the Letters, deserve no credit.*

The following example will serve to support this truth. Being lately in a very respectable and numerous company, where the authenticity of the Letters was called in question (for it is become fashionable) I produced a letter written entirely with

with Ganganelli's own hand, which I had newly received from Rome, when a man of sense said to me very seriously; *Very well! this is not the hand of a Pope, but the writing of a school boy!* as if the fingers of a Friar or Cardinal destined to become Pope, should be capable of writing characters splendid as the rainbow.

From whence it may be concluded, that the exhibition of the Italian manuscript would not get the better of prejudice.

It is only from a party spirit that these Letters have been attacked, which is the more misplaced as such a disposition is not to be traced out in any one of the Letters of Ganganelli, and that merely from a love of peace, I have declined to relate reflections and facts, which no other Editor would have suppressed.

Ganganelli had the re-uniting of the Protestants so much at heart, that he incessantly recommended a spirit of peace, mildness, and charity; and it is evident that they are the objects of that evangelical toleration, which he speaks of with such moderation and equity.

At the end of this volume, a true account of the private life of Clement XIV. by F. Francis, will be

be found, which is both agreeable and engaging by its variety, and which ought not to be confounded with a fictitious publication in his name: however, an intelligent public will easily distinguish the difference.

I will conclude with repeating what was said lately by a nobleman of the court. *When a man has had sufficient merit to rise to the Papal Dignity, from being only a simple Friar, we may very well believe him capable of writing excellent Letters.*

Besides the admirable lessons of Morality, which is to be met with in this collection, there is a letter on the obedience due to crowned heads, which ought to engage the attention of all nations, but more particularly the hearts of all true Frenchmen.

Some other little pieces of Ganganelli are added to the last Part, which will be found as agreeable as his Letters.

LETTERS, &c.

LETTER CXXXIII.

TO THE ABBÉ FRUGONI.

SIR,

I AM very much surprised at your having thought proper to address the Poems, which you last published, to me, who know nothing of the art of Poetry, but enough to make it a subject of superficial conversation; that is to say, like those who never made it their study. However, this does not prevent me from admiring whatever you give to the public, or my soul from being fired at reading a fine Poem. It is impossible to peruse some Lyric pieces without being inspired, in a degree, with the genius of the composer.

I com-

I compare Poetry to those variegated flames that we see blazing in some kinds of fire-works, which we do not discover clearly unless we are deeply impressed with their beauty.

Besides, we must be totally insensible to the beauties of Nature, if we are not affected by the images which are presented to our view, by the great Poets. Such, for example, as may be found in our Metastasio, and in your works, my dear Abbé, that must affect the most unfeeling souls. It is a new world, enriched with unexpected delights, much superior to our most beautiful flowers, as these, at the end of a few days, fade away, while sublime Poetry descends to the latest posterity.

While I was at College I attempted to compose some short rural pieces, but I was so little satisfied with them, that I had the merit of committing them to the flames as soon as they were composed; and all the advantage I derived from them was, to acquire a readiness of expression, and a greater flow of ideas.

Poetry is like an excellent musical instrument, it is not to be touched but by the hands of a master. A piece of wretched poetry is like a musical composition.

composition performed by an execrable fiddler, which grates the soul, torments the mind, and disgusts the man of true taste. There is not a man capable of relishing flights of genius, whom the beauties in the book of Psalms do not render an Enthusiast in spite of himself. I confess that I feel myself a poet every time that I repeat the Psalms.

What energy, what descriptions, what majesty! We leave the subject, we forget ourselves, we become the Prophet himself, or rather let me say, we become divine. But alas! how ought we to be grieved; when we see Poetry, which was originally destined to sing the praises of the Eternal (since Moses, who employed it for so glorious a purpose, is the most ancient writer) descending from such sublimity to deify some mortal, more brutal than the brutes themselves.

The Poets, for the honour of their art, which elevates them to so high a rank, ought never to have prostituted it. They would have had much more respect, and more honour paid them, and the whole world would not have commenced Poets with or without genius. Every one must now sing the object of his passion; and we see Poems, which

are

are both ridiculous and indecent, bursting forth from all quarters.

Every science which strays out of its sphere, draws after it a thousand inconveniences. The Almighty hath assigned to all things their proper boundaries, and for the universal harmony, he would have it regarded; without which, the universe would be a mass of confusion.

The errors of infidelity take their rise from bestowing the attributes of Theology upon Philosophy, and proposing that Theology, like Mathematics, should prove by demonstration.

It is the same with Poetry, which was in the beginning sacred, having no other object but the Deity, but is now become entirely earthly by its abuse. Some people have been even so wicked as to employ it against God himself, although its institution had no other aim but to render praise to the Almighty; and that employment is certainly its highest honour. Addressing excellent poetry to perishable objects, is scattering diamonds in the dust. Poetry is then perverted, and the poet makes himself truly contemptible. Neither Arts nor Sciences have any genuine greatness but when they are employed in remounting to their source.

You

You did not expect, my dear Abbé, that a piece of Poetry would have procured you a Sermon, and the rather, because there are but few Sermons on Mount Parnassus; and that poetic licence frequently gives a greater liberty to Poets than they ought to take. If all your poetry is equal to that which you have addressed to me, I must praise the genius which made you a Poet. According to your desire, I will impart it to our common friend, and I am persuaded, he will be as well pleased with it as I am.

It must be owned, that the country of the Parmesan, where you live, contributes greatly to inspire poetical enthusiasm, I have more than once crossed it with a great deal of pleasure, and thought, if I had been a Poet, I would have celebrated the beauties of the fine plains, and the numerous flocks which make their greatest ornament. It is evident, that you have introduced the most agreeable objects that are to be met with in Parma, Colorno, and their environs, in your Poems.

Here is a poor pitiful piece of prose, in return for your fine verses; but such a Poet as you can embellish every thing, and will therefore put this letter into such a pleasing dress, as will render it capable

capable of making you accept with pleasure all the esteem and friendship, with which I am, &c.

Rome, 10th March, 1759.

LETTER CXXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR ABBÉ,

YOU so captivate me by your charming verses, that I believe you absolutely design to make me a Poet; however, you will not succeed in the attempt. No man has such a relish for your Poetry; but I have neither the fire of Mount Parnassus, nor that enthusiasm which sometimes flames more fiercely than Vesuvius itself.

I believe the person, whose interest you espouse, will succeed at Naples. I have strongly recommended him to the Prince San Severo, a Protector of the Arts and Sciences, and a man equally distinguished

distinguished for his obliging temper and extensive knowledge; but the person you recommend must give the most intense application, especially at first. I have employed all my abilities to convince him that in the art of Sculpture there is no mediocrity, and that an artist ought to have two souls, in order to transfuse one of them into his work.

I heartily wish that in him may revive those great masters who have made our finest statues almost speak. The Sculptor has the advantage of relievo, which the Painter has not; but, in return, the Painter has the resource of colouring.—Thus has every art its peculiar perfections and defects.

You would sensibly oblige me, if you could by any means compose a Canticle in praise of a Saint, to be sung by a good sisterhood of Nuns on his festival.

The Saint in question is Cajetan, with whose life you are certainly acquainted; for I suppose you know other divinities besides those of Parnassus.

I intreat you will send me the performance as soon as possible; it is to be set to music, and sung in

in parts, not in the church, but in the convent, therefore Italian only is requested.

Consider that, notwithstanding your utmost diligence, you will not have it in your power to prevent the impatience of the persons who ardently desire this Canticle.

Five or six strophes will be sufficient, especially from a writer of your precision and energy, which enable you to express a great deal, and with great strength in a few words.

Precision, and the talent of reducing a multitude of objects and beauties within the compass of a small piece, are noble qualifications.

Clumsy Prose is very defective, but clumsy Poetry is intolerable. There ought not to be a single superfluous epithet, and every word, as far as is possible, should convey a thought.

Hence is Tasso an admirable Poet. He gives his genius a spring, by crouding his thoughts wonderfully close. The case is not the same with Ariosto and Dante, who lead their readers alternately through the most flowery fields, and the most barren deserts.

The perusal of them actually resembles a long journey, in which we meet with agreeable and disgusting spots.

It

It is in compliment to you that I have spoken so long of Poetry, as it is to procure the greatest pleasure to myself that I assure you of the inviolable esteem I have vowed to you, and with which I am, &c.

LETTER CXXXV.

TO THE ABBÉ NICOLINI.

PARDON me, my dear Abbé, if I cannot join in your opinion of that history which you so much admire. I think it is written with too much warmth, and there is every reason for supposing that a Historian has given himself up to the transports of his imagination, when he expresses himself so zealously.

Moderation is highly necessary in an author who should see things with temperance, and weigh them with justice. History is not a Poem. There ought

ought to be some flowers, a few reflections, a number of portraits, but, above all, a noble simplicity.

If an Historian is not possessed of good sense, wit, fire and genius, he will make but an indifferent writer. Good sense is wanted to make a proper selection of facts, wit to display them, fire to animate them, and genius to produce information and instruction.

Most Histories are more or less accurate, according to the complexion of the Historian. The man who is all fire, relates an event very differently from him who is cold as ice, and their accounts of the same thing bear no resemblance, from whence it comes that we daily read and hear things exaggerated without the narrator having any intention to mislead, but hurried on by an impetuous imagination, he magnifies his story so as to disfigure it altogether.

There are not two people who see the same object in the same light, and express themselves exactly alike in their descriptions. The soul is equally wonderful in its variety as in its conceptions. The soul, simple and immaterial as it is, yet multiplies itselfas if it really could be divided.

When

When I reflect that all these works, with which our libraries are filled, issue from the soul, I cannot help wondering at myself, and being pleased with the thought of my possessing within me the seeds of so much knowledge and such extensive ideas; and that sentiment becomes more enlivened, when I reflect that it is that same soul which procures me the happiness of knowing and esteeming you, and to be able to assure you how much I am, &c.

ROME, 23 Feb. 1754.

LETTER CXXXVI.

TO THE R. F. BLEDOWSKI,
Provincial of the F. F. Minor Conventuals of the Province of Poland.

REVEREND FATHER,

I CAN assure you, that your R. F. Assistant has spared no watchings, no pains, no means, to terminate to our satisfaction, the affair of the Minor

Conventuals against the reformists, which was brought before the congregation of bishops and regulars.

I am a witness, that he fought with the spirit of an Ismael, especially, as every man's hand was against him, and none came to his succour. I did not fail to exert my utmost efforts to promote the success of this affair; but they can scarce be reckoned as any thing, in comparison of the steps taken by your Father Assistant. You cannot believe how sincerely I congratulate you, and how heartily I rejoice at your gaining this cause.

If, peradventure, new attacks should be made, we shall neither want hopes to succeed, nor strength to repulse them, nor courage to persevere.

Heaven preserve you, and be perfectly convinced, that I shall always be equally zealous for you and your interests, as I promise it, while I assure you of all the respects, with which I am,

F. LAURENT GANGANELLI,
Consultor of the Holy Office.

ROME, 1 March, 1755.

LETTER, &c.

LETTER CXXXVII.

TO THE ABBÉ GENOVESI.

AT sight of the metaphysical ideas, with which you have filled the work which you have communicated to me, my thoughts upon that subject were roused, and, according to my slender abilities, I formed an idea of man, such as he is, and such as he ought to be. I see him at one and the same time, so little, and so great; so weak, and so strong, that I have been at once, both vain and excessively humbled.

You will judge for yourself if I have rightly observed. I have subjoined to this letter such a picture, as my feelings, or imagination has been able to delineate; and if you find in it what you wish, I shall be delighted with the thoughts of having seconded your views, and contributed to the work, which you are about to publish, upon God and Man.

It

It is not of so much importance upon such a subject to say things that are new, as to say them well. Readers, of Metaphysics are often disgusted by the writers affecting to be very abstract. The more simple and natural things are, the more they are beautiful. Metaphysics, to arrive at truth, should only give us back the impression of our own feelings, when the dispute is about the faculties of the soul, otherwise, we wander in the land of Chimeras.

The most part of Metaphysicians, both ancient and modern, thought that they must erect systems, which has been the great source of that ridicule to which metaphysics have been exposed, for the science in itself has the greatest truth and simplicity.

The eye of the mind is not like the eye of the body. That which I see in idea, my neighbor does not see, because our ideas arise from a thousand different causes; from whence, the great diversity of opinions among Philosophers, which persuaded Malebranche, that we see every thing in God, and Locke, that our ideas originate in the senses.

I approve your sentiments the more, that you are not a system-monger, and because you are not for tying

tying people down to your opinions: all your ideas seem to me to be distinct, your principles clear, and your consequences just; so that your work is the fruit of a sound judgment, and solid understanding.

If you find opponents after you have published your opinions, it will be a proof that you have not convinced them, and a sufficient reason for your not attempting to reply. There are certain writers who will cry out, and you must give them leave to bark. They would new mould all men who are not of their opinion.

As your book is to appear in Latin, I thought it was best to write the remarks you require in that language, as it is as familiar to me as the Italian. If you find any little touches worthy of your work, it will be easy to introduce them, only adapting them to your own style, and you will give them an essential merit, by the manner in which they will be appropriated.

It will, perhaps, be the first time that a pen of gold, and a leaden one, have been employed in the execution of the same work; but you would have it so, and I could not refuse, when it gave me an opportunity

are in his eyes only perishable blessings, which he must use as if he used them not.

The manner in which men are educated, the climate under which they are born, the impressions they receive, the objects by which they are environed, become so many moulds in which they are cast into a variety of shapes. Thus, the Indian is not an European, and hence the difference between the disciple of Aristotle, and the man formed by Newton; the essence is the same, but the shades are so different, as to produce thoughts and perceptions, entirely unlike.

Hence ought we to regard, as a particular blessing of Providence, the happiness of being born under a government which rectifies our thoughts, and in the bosom of a family which instructs us in the principles of Virtue.

One thing is certain, that every man, in whatever region he may be born, owes a duty to God, to his neighbour, and to his country; and that he ought to endeavour to inform himself of the truth, that he may not be the dupe of a false religion, nor fall a prey to Superstition. Another truth, equally incontestible, is, that a man, if he be only a private citizen, ought to strive, by his labour and his

his talents, to render himself useful to the community; if of an elevated rank, he owes a tribute to the public, which must be paid, either by his application to affairs, by his beneficence, or his valour. He who, in these three ways, discharges his obligations, is really a great man, and statutes ought to be erected to him by the hands of gratitude.

The man, conversant with himself, lives almost perpetually in an enemy's country: boiling blood, a wandering imagination, contradictory desires, fiery passions, raise an intestine war, often attended by the most fatal consequences.—He who desires to guide himself by the rules of wisdom, must pass his life in a continual struggle: for in us there are two men, the terrestrial and the spiritual, who are incessantly at war, and agree only when enlightened Reason is the pilot, and an upright heart the helm.—Thus is man an object of admiration, or of pity, according to his conduct.

It would be an endless task to enumerate all his inconsistencies, all his contradictions. His Soul, his Spirit, his Reason, his Will, though they have nothing material in them, yet, like the four elements, are engaged in a never-ceasing conflict;

and by these are produced storms and volcanos, which disfigure the image of the Creator; for the more closely we examine Human Nature, the more clearly do we discover that it cannot be clothed with such grandeur and majesty, without being the emanation of a supreme intelligence.

Man, when he bridles his Passions, and allows them only a reasonable liberty, deserves the homage due to Virtue, it is then, and only then, that he proclaims himself really the Lord of the Creation. The different ways of life presented to us, when our Reason is capable of deciding, are so many means of arriving at perfection, but it is requisite to make a proper choice, otherwise we become monsters in society, and disturb the harmony which ought to subsist among reasonable creatures. But man, almost constantly misled by sensible objects, often mistakes his vocation; and hence arises that shock of so many different passions, which set him at variance with himself, which disturb families, shake empires, and darken every virtue.

Thus do we rarely behold man in his true point of view. We think it is really he, when we only see an assemblage of whims, caprices, and opinions

nions borrowed from the books, or the company he has conversed with. Even his studies commonly serve only to disfigure his nature, by stripping him of what is his own, and rendering him a factitious personage.

St. Augustine said, that man, considered in his essence, and in all his relations, is an enigma, of all others most difficult to be solved. In fact, almost always varying his likeness, he escapes from the pencil when we want to draw his portrait. From his state of dependence on a perishable and fleshly body, his thoughts are agitated like his blood, and participates in its fluidity. No power but the Deity himself was capable of establishing so intimate an union between an indivisible soul, and a substance composed of parts, between an immortal spirit, and a mass of flesh, destined to be reduced into dust, in a word, between thoughts and sensations, ideas and fibres, affections and nerves.

It is sufficient then to descend into, and contemplate ourselves, in order to be witnesses of a prodigy every moment renewed; but we find there only a horrible abyss, if God doth not occupy the first rank within us. Each of us ought to erect a throne

throne to the Deity, in his own heart; otherwise it becomes a chaos, without order or symmetry.

The soul, surrounded by the senses, resembles a king encircled by his guards; but if this centinel suffers himself to be forced, and be not attentive to repulse those vices that would usurp the sovereignty, and make themselves masters of the place, then doth man groan in the most cruel anarchy.

Hence comes it that materialists, and vicious men are so numerous. The germ of immortality is choaked, and the soul is utterly disregarded, while they blindly follow the torrent of the passions. In vain doth she employ the voice of her faithful monitor Conscience: they withdraw from her the obedience which is her due; and openly treat as a chimera, that purely intellectual substance, which may be justly called the Mother of our Thoughts, of our Reasonings, and our Affections.

Man quits the path of Reason when he attributes those astonishing operations to the inert mass of his body, and dares to attribute the honour of them to the acrimony of his bile, or the quick circulation of his blood. None but a spiritual

tual being can produce immaterial ideas. The most subtile particles of air and fire might be collected, might be agitated in every direction, but never be formed into a syllogism. Flame, radiant and penetrating as it is, has never yet given birth to a single thought, or a single argument. That thought, which in an instant makes the circuit of the world, which subjects the universe to its observations, which, with the most rapid flight, rises even to the infinite Being, which has neither situation, figure, nor colour, which imperiously commands, and forces the body to obey its orders;---tell me how it can be part of that same body?

Was it then more difficult for God to create spirits than matter?---If he is essentially Omnipotent, why should he not produce intellectual beings?---If a thought is really spiritual, must not the soul too which engenders it, be spiritual? Here we may properly apply the saying of Horace---

Fortes creantur fortibus——
——Nec imbellum feroces
Progenerant Aquilæ columbam.

The

The Brave and Good are Copies of their Kind,
——nor can the Bird of Jove,
Intrepid, fierce, beget th' unwarlike Dove.

FRANCIS.

It was necessary that Man should be at the same time terrestrial and spiritual, in order to answer his destination, according to the will of the Deity.—Without a body he could not have enjoyed the material world, of which he was to be an inhabitant. Without a soul, he would have been incapable of the knowledge and possession of his Creator. As a mixed being, he is at once subordinate to the elements, and superior to the universe. He applies the Sciences to a thousand agreeable and useful purposes; he uses them, with the greatest success, to rectify his ideas, to enlarge his understanding, and rise to the knowledge of the Supreme Being.

Without Man, the earth is only a vast desart; let us give it a juster epithet, it is only a grave: it requires his hand for its cultivation; his society, to be inhabited; so that, with reason she looks up to him as her master and sovereign. Accordingly she is attentive to acknowledge his supremacy and his care, by offering him, according to the course of

of the seasons, the most beautiful flowers and the most excellent fruits.

The misfortune is, that this Man, whom the earth obeys as her King, leaves the marks of his crimes and errors; there is no country which has not been bedewed with Bloodshed, by Hatred or Fanaticism, by Love or Ambition. The Virtues have never appeared in the world but like flashes of lightning, which shine and disappear in the bosom of the storms.

Yet, perhaps, Man is not so malignant as is imagined: idleness leads him into more excesses than perversity. Opportunities of doing mischief rise in crouds round the man who is unemployed; and if the women be reproached with a proneness to loquacity and scandal, the reason is that commonly they have nothing to do. I have not pretended to paint Man such as he is, but I have said enough to give a just idea of him, and oblige him to own, that when he unites himself to God, he is a whole, but when separated from him—nothing.

Reason without Religion, like those luminous exhalations which rise in the bosom of Night, enlighten only to guide to the brink of some precipice.

This

This age offers the most sorrowful examples of it!—This age, which, notwithstanding the wit and knowledge with which it is decorated, seems to forget God himself, in order to pursue and adore phantoms.

Every man ought naturally to be disgusted at such an absurdity; but the name of Philosopher, bestowed on those who question the immortality of the soul and the existence of a Deity, imposes upon the multitude, and causes the most pernicious sophists to be regarded as the most infallible oracles.

Let man re-enter into himself, let him interrogate his soul, his heart, his conscience, in a word, all his faculties; and he will find the strongest arguments in favour of Religion; but for this purpose he must chain down his appetites and subdue his passions; for they are so many liars, so many impostors, who incessantly preach up Materialism, and extol the love of pleasure.

That Man should be endowed with faculties capable of raising him even to the Eternal, capable of forming the most sublime communication with that Being, capable of making their possessor immortal, either by a cultivation of the Sciences, or

distinguished

distinguished acts of beneficence—and yet should choke those precious seeds!—How melancholy is the consideration!

The greatest part of Mankind are mere abortions; they either cramp their heart by attaching it only to perishable objects, or stifle their understanding by employing it only in useless pursuits. Even the most sublime sciences are below the dignity of our souls, if they lead us not up to the Deity their principle and their end.

All these misfortunes have their source in Man's not being sufficiently sensible of the excellence of his soul, in his placing his vanity in what can only humble him, in his being from his birth defiled by the spots of sin.—Death, which awaits him from the moment of his entrance into the world, can alone make him perfectly comprehend the importance of rising above all objects of sense; but Death warns us not of our errors, until the time for correcting them is no more. We imagine ourselves still in our cradle while he is opening our tomb, and casting us into it in the midst of our projects. It is inconceivable with what a rapid course the moments flow from our birth to our death. I compare them to a flash of lightning, which

which issues from a cloud again to enter its bosom; so that, in a figurative sense, we may say Man is born and dies in the space of a single day. His birth is the dawn, his infancy the morning, his manhood the meridian, and his death the evening. Then all objects, really, disappear from him, and eternal night overwhelms him in darkness; unless he be illuminated by that uncreated Light with which the Just shall be filled.

This great object, Man ought to keep incessantly in view. If he would be what he ought, let him represent to himself Death holding the fatal urn in which all generations are reduced to dust —This is the spectacle on which we must fix our eyes, if we would live like Christian Philosophers. Thus Man, here below, is only a shadow which must pass away; if we would entertain a high idea of him, he must be contemplated in eternity. It is, doubtless, a more glorious object than the firmament itself, to behold at its birth and at its death that worm called Man, pass in the twinkling of an eye even into the bosom of God, at the moment when the earth crumbles under his feet, and a temporal life is taken from him,

him, that it may make room for one entirely divine.

It is astonishing that this *Man*, brought into the world for so great purposes, should be so incurious to know them, and should incorporate himself with the vilest and most worthless objects, while he is expected in another world to be essentially united with the Deity himself.

Considering the importance of the subject, Philosophers have not sufficiently employed themselves on that instant when Man becomes nothing upon this earth, in order to be a whole in eternity. They appear to have looked no farther than the grave, and an immortal soul which ought naturally to be followed in idea, when disengaged from the ties which bound it here below, seems no more to have existence or duration.

I am sensible that the night of the grave is a chaos which we cannot unravel while we languish in this valley of tears. I know that, notwithstanding all the truths revealed to us by the faith, upon that subject, we shall be in the utmost astonishment on our entrance into eternity: it is a gulf in which all our reason is lost, and which to us will be for ever unknown till seen.

Every

Every time we see a man disappear to go into the region of the dead, we ought to be assured that then all the faculties of his soul acquire a surprising activity, which serves to make him feel, in an ineffable manner, his eternal happiness or misery.

Man passes into the other life as he came into this, without knowing in what country he is landed.

When we have lost sight of this world, to which we were accustomed, another presents itself, but so extraordinary and so sublime as to bear no relation to the present.

In vain do we apply to the Sciences, to raise us, by the help of Religion, to the uncreated Being: this life, properly speaking, is only the life of the body, so severe is the tyranny of our appetites and of our wants, but the future life is entirely that of the soul.

There will it blossom as in its proper soil; it will no more be clogged by a mass of flesh, which retarded all its operations, and so confounded it with terrestrial objects that we would have suffered ourselves to be captivated by them, had not care been taken to silence the passions. Thus must

we

we re-unite the present with the future, the earth with Heaven; in a word, this world with the other, in order to be thoroughly acquainted with Man; for, in fact, he so appertains to the present and the future life, that we only have the shadow of him if we do not follow him beyond the tomb. There he is expected that he may come to the full knowledge of his greatness; and there he will see himself, like a new phœnix, rise gorgeous and resplendent from his ashes;—then will he learn that his destiny was not to vegetate, but to live in the Being of Beings.

Were Man attentive to contemplate himself here below only, in the view of what he is to be at his death, he would not anticipate the completion of his existence by the fervor of his desires; he would wish to hear frequent mention made of that happy moment when he shall be stripped of this miserable life, which retards his glory and felicity.

Death, from which we have so great aversion, is notwithstanding the brightest and most glorious moment to Man, if, while on this earth, he hath faithfully fulfilled his task according to the laws prescribed by Religion. I figure to myself the good

good man, in his dying moments, like the sun which, after being covered by a thick cloud, at last pierces through the shades and mists, and shines forth with double lustre. The wants and passions of this life are so many clouds which darken us, and hide even from our own eyes our dignity and our faculties.

I am not surprized that to the Christian Philosophers Death was a continual subject of meditation. When rightly viewed, it offers to mankind nothing but what is great, nothing but what is cheering. But we judge of it only by the sepulchral horrors; that is, by what has a relation solely to our body, and then it appears to us the most frightful spectacle.

This was what occasioned the saying of Sir Charles Borromeo, "That if Death was the body's "enemy, it was the soul's good friend; and that "man did not understand his own interests when "he did not wish for it."

Ought that moment, which will crown us with glory and happiness, to be an object of our hatred? The body is a frail building which must necessarily be demolished, that the soul may fly to its centre. It is like those scaffolds which architects

chitects use for the construction of a palace, but which they remove when the pile is compleated.

It is not to be doubted that the reproaches of conscience ordinarily give rise to this excessive fear of death. Doubtless it is awful by reason of the ever inscrutable judgments of God; but he is Mercy itself—he desireth not the death of a sinner, and assures us that, when we return sincerely to him, he will forget all our iniquities, were they numerous as the sands of the sea.

In the eyes of Faith, Death, far from being the destruction of man, is a second creation much more wonderful than the first; because, instead of those miseries with which we have been beset from our birth, we shall find, in dying, consolations and blessings "which the eye hath not seen, "nor the ear heard, nor hath it entered into the "heart of man to conceive."

LETTER

LETTER CXXXVIII.

TO THE REVEREND FATHER BERTI,
AN AUGUSTIN FRIAR.

REVEREND FATHER,

YOUR observations which I have read with the greatest attention, and likewise compared with the doctrine of the Fathers, appear to me so just, that I chearfully submit without offering to reply. Nobody loves the truth better than I do; neither vanity, nor interest, nor any worldly motive should prevent us from embracing it. To refuse yielding to evidence is not only renouncing sincerity, but common sense.

It is obstinacy which has caused the misfortune of all the Enemies of the Church, and is the occasion of a false glimmering being mistaken every day for the true light. The sources from whence I derived those opinions which you have combated,

bated, were only little winding rivulets, which had no communication with that noble magnificent river which issues from the bosom of God, and passes through the fields of the Church, and after watering the different parts, flows back to its native spring. It is with great reason that you bid us beware of the greatest part of Interpreters and Commentators, who sometimes make the text of their authors bend to their own sentiments. I must have been misled oftener than once, if I had not compared the quotations with the originals.

The holy Father (Benedict XIV.) to whom I have often mentioned your affair, will be excessively glad to see the little piece which you have announced to me. He is always filled with the highest esteem for you, and with reason looks upon you *as one of the Theologians who does the greatest honour to Italy*. These were his own expressions.

I did not observe, that the docrine of St. Thomas contradicts the doctrine of St. Augustine upon the subject which the person we mentioned disputes; he must have dreamt that, as he has done a number of other things. If you have an oppor-

tunity of replying, it will be no difficult matter for you to vanquish him.

Nothing is so much to be dreaded in the cause of Religion, as men of false or half learning. They either disguise or enervate the truth, and nothing flows from their pen, but what is either trifling or suspicious. But what is still more vexatious, is their desire that the sentiments which they have adopted should prevail, and when once they have taken the wrong side of the question, they cannot retract their opinions.

Continue to enlighten us by your understanding, but so as your health do not suffer by too close application. Somebody who lately saw you, informed me, that you was very feverish.

Present my compliments to your Father Prior, to whom, as well as to you my reverend Father, I am with all possible esteem and attachment, the most humble, &c.

Convent of the Holy Apostles,
11th February, 1756.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

REVEREND FATHER,

YOU will do me the pleasure to run over, at your leisure, the three treatises I sent you. I have employed all my ardour in the task, but still they have not the perfection I could wish, or the subject deserves.

I submit them to your judgment, as a learned Doctor perfectly acquainted with the Councils, the Fathers, and the whole chain of tradition.

In the treatise on the Incarnation, I have endeavoured to collect the great proofs which incontestibly establish the truth of this awful mystery, insisting principally upon the most energetic, and best capable of inculcating it upon the senses, and convincing the reason.

To treat this matter properly, it would have been requisite to be endowed with a portion of

those lights with which the Evangelist St. John was favoured, that sublime Apostle, who in the bosom of Jesus Christ himself imbibed all that he has succinctly delivered to us concerning the divinity and human nature of our Lord. His gospel which we recite every day at the conclusion of the Mass, is the most sublime treatise on the Incarnation: the whole is there found in the shortest compass; the eternity of the word, his consubstantiality, his power, his action, and lastly, his union with our nature. Nothing remains to be done, except to display at more length those great truths with the strength they require, and to hold up to view this magnificent picture with the touches proper to excite our gratitude and adoration.

I have attempted, as much as possible, to clear the subject of those unprofitable questions which Theologians are accustomed to insert in ther treatises, and to refute the Hereties who combat the ineffable mystery of the Incarnation, by crushing them under the weight of authorities.

The creation of the world, the world itself in its present state, the vices as well as the virtues, darkness as well as light; all concur in proving the mystery

mystery of the Incarnation: so that to separate it from the whole constitution of the physical and moral world, argues ignorance of its nature. Accordingly the Apostle never speaks of Jesus Christ without affirming clearly, that by him alone subsist the things on earth as well as the things in Heaven, It was not by the efforts of a sublime imagination, that he perceived this Man-God in every thing that has breath, but by this intimate knowledge of the depth and sublimity of our divine Religion.

On the subject of the Incarnation, St. Paul and St. John are two inexhaustible sources. Every word they pronounce with regard to Jesus Christ, is a torrent of light to the man who can meditate.

It is from the sublime ideas they give us of the word, that I have rudely sketched, according to my feeble lights, the treatise addressed to you.—It appears to me, that these two celestial men have said every thing possible on a subject which can never be exhausted. We hear the Holy Spirit speaking by their organs, for it is impossible that mortals should discourse of the Man-God in a manner so sublime, and give so much matter in so few words, if they had not been inspired. It is astonising,

astonishing, that Arius and his sect dared to shew their faces after the Divinity of Jesus Christ had been so convincingly proved by the great Apostle, and the *Evangelist* (for so he is called by way of eminence.)

All the arguments that can be devised by human genius, lose their strength when opposed to the energetic Epistles of St. Paul, or to the Gospel and Apocalypse of St. John.

As to the treatises on Predestination and Grace which I have sent with the other, we likewise find in the Apostle every thing that forms their basis, and demonstrates their truth. It is impossible to write upon this double subject in a manner worthy of it, without carefully collecting all that has been said by St. Paul and St. Augustine; the one as an inspired author, and the other as approved by the Church which cannot err.

I have not sought to accommodate those two great truths to the weakness of our reason and our ideas, especially as Predestination is an ineffable mystery which ought to be set forth, not to be explained, and that the agreement between Free Will and Grace is a gulph no less profound, should any one attempt to sound it.

I begin

I begin with declaring the faith to be, that God hath chosen certain individuals from all eternity, by a free act of his mercy, to make of them vessels of election, and that nevertheless they who are lost, are condemned only by reason of original or actual sin. St. Augustine sets forth this truth in the most sensible manner, by quoting as an example, a child who dies after or before baptism.

As there are no merits but through Jesus Christ, and God crowns his gifts by crowning the good works of the Saints, it appears to me, that the opinion which maintains that Predestination is antecedent to the merits, is at bottom the same with that which affirms it to be posterior to them. Only, in so delicate points we must beware of departing from the faith of the Church deposited in the Councils, especially as Predestination is a source of dangerous doctrine if a man gives the least ear to his own reason, and listens only to certain modern Doctors who depart from the opinion of St. Augustine.

Grace is a subject no less thorny, if we do not take care to confine ourselves to what the Church hath too often decided on this important matter, which forms the basis of our Redemption, and of which

which we cannot speak too often, because Grace is the fruit of the death of Jesus Christ.

You will see that I have treated distinctly, and according to the whole authority of tradition, of its *freedom*, of its *efficacy*, and of its *necessity*, shewing that under the strongest impressions of Grace, man has always a real power of resistance.

These three treatises make the foundation of Religion, especially as under the Incarnation is comprehended the mystery of the Trinity, and in some sort, that of the Church.

I have preserved the method of the schools, but in such a manner that it may be pruned at pleasure. It is introduced only as the form of the objections and answers, and an assistance to those, whose memory and judgment it is necessary to fix by the syllogistic method.

You will see that I have stopped where I ought, taking care never to suffer Reason to speak where Faith imposes on us profound silence.

In several places you will find your own ideas, and I pride myself in the acknowledgment. If in any thing you differ from me, let me know it; but I am afraid you have not, in so short a time,

run

run through the three treatises: your own labours scarce leave you leisure to inspect those of otners.

M. Cerati expressed some desire of seeing my treatise upon Grace; you may communicate it to him. It bears marks of the rapidity with which it was transcribed by one of the scholars, who writes well when he has a mind, but at that time he had no mind.

I saw your R. F. General the other day, and we talked only of you. The first moment I have an opportunity I will let you know the result of that conversation.

Your letter is just brought to me, by which I am sorry to find that you cannot, at present, look into the treatises in question: I am the more concerned, as your opinion would have had great weight with me. But I am comforted with your assurance, that you will certainly read them in the course of the year.

I ought not to have sent you this letter, but it is ready, and it seems to me desirous of paying you a visit, as if sensible how great an honour it is to penetrate into your cell, and for some moments fix your attention. I really wish that I was in its place, and could fly to you with the same speed,

to tell you, like it, and with it, that I am, and through my whole life shall be, filled with respect, esteem and detachment for your person, your knowledge, and your excellent qualities.

P S. I am desired by Cardinal Tamburini, to say a thousand things to you from him. He honours me with his good wishes; and if pride were not forbidden, I should grow prodigiously vain, for he is the ornament of the sacred College, both by his learning and virtues.

LETTER CXL.

TO MONSIGNOR ZALUSKI, GRAND REFERENDARY OF POLAND.

MY LORD,

THE Library which has been formed by your attention, must immortalize your love of the Sciences, and of the learned. A man cannot leave a more noble monument behind him, especially when

when the books have been selected with taste, and in such a manner, as to be equally an advantage to the cause of Religion and his country.

The common herd of authors are anxious to acquire reputation, which is the reason that we see Libraries filled with repetitions, and useless, idle absurdities.

Everyone, desirous to step forward, that he may disclose his peculiar fancies, or his dreams, has contributed to form that chaos of writings at present in the world. The rest of the world stray in that labyrinth, whose mazes you have so well traced by your patience and sagacity. Even the catalogues of our Libraries are infinite, and it requires such a memory as your's, to be able to recollect them It were to be wished, for the honour of the human mind, that the whole of what has been written, to the present time, were reduced to six thousand volumes in folio (for that would be enough,) and then burn the remainder, except some extracts, which might be given in duodecimo.

Genius is like a river, which spreads joy and plenty over the face of the country, while it glides on smoothly within its banks, but brings ruin and

devastation

devastation when it issues forth from its bed, and covers the land with inundations.

Thus we have seen Philosophy escape from the limits prescribed by eternal Wisdom, and make encroachments on subjects infinitely surpassing its comprehension.

These wanderings, to which man gives himself up, dangerous as they are, serve to prove that he was not created to confine his ideas to this world, but actually has a soul which endeavours to penetrate through the bark with which it is enveloped, and to aspire after another region than this world.

Cardinal Paleoti, with great justice, said, "That "there was nothing, either better or worse, than "books; and that when he reflected upon the im- "mense number of productions of every kind, "which offer an insult to Truth and Morals, he "knew nothing so humbling to the human mind, "as the greatest number of our Libraries."

It is certain, that they contain the ridiculous systems of I do not know many pretended sages, who make themselves celebrated only for their extravagant follies;—they are the receptacle of an infinite number of whimsical and dangerous opinions, and the depository of all the errors, of all the disgraceful

disgraceful and impious maxims, which the perversity of the human heart has been capable of conceiving.

I know that this evil is, in some degree, lessened by the excellent books which are in our possession; but, alas! how distressing for a rational being to see the bad mixed in so large a proportion with the good! Thus our immense Libraries may be compared to those uncultivated gardens where we see a few flowers amidst a multitude of thorns, and some beautiful shrubs, shooting up through heaps of stones, and thickets of brambles; or excellent medicines intermixed with deadly poisons.

If writers would but reflect a few minutes upon the fatal and lasting consequences of works, which are written contrary to Religion and Morals, they would see that they are sowing the seeds of Death, to produce the most bitter fruits; and the more excellent the composition, the greater number of readers will be corrupted.

You cannot do better than to prune from the immense collection which forms your Library, all useless or dangerous works. Man is sufficiently inclined to go astray of himself, without being excited, by bad example, to give way to his wicked inclinations.

inclinations. It is true, that we derive some advantages even from poisons, by being able, sometimes, to extract from them powerful remedies; but an impious or obscene book can never produce any good effects.

It is even, almost always, a dangerous attempt to refute them, because it makes them more known, and kindles a desire to possess them; for as Horace says, *We love whatever is forbidden.*

But not to mention the books which are hurtful to the morals of society, it is astonishing what numbers of trifling superfluous compositions overwhelm the Republic of Letters! Our pregenitors, who unhappily possessed talents, but too luxuriant, offended by a tiresome and disgusting prolixity; we are obliged frequently to lay them aside after having read them for whole days, without being able to discover any thing but a few thoughts buried in endless torrents of words; while, on the other hand, by shunning such faults we fly to the opposite extreme, and daily publish books which are very superficially written, in which no substance can be found but a slight scarfskin.

It is thus that all ages act in a contradictory manner, and such extraordinary impertinences

are

are to be found in their collections, yet it would be of no great consequence if this excessive copiousness, or conciseness, was confined to books of little or no signification; but even those productions which handle the most important subjects, are either too heavily or too slightly written.

Our fathers wrote Dissertations upon the most trifling subjects; and we convert into Novels and Romances matters of the most essential consequence, and which merit our highest regard. In this age, we are in a hurry to become Authors, without giving our thoughts time to bud, much less to ripen. We throw out our opinions at random, almost as soon as they are hatched, so that these shapeless productions, without nourishment to support them, perish almost at the very instant of their birth.

Nobody, my Lord, understands this better than you, who are perfectly acquainted with the learned all over Europe, and know wherein lies the strength and weakness of your cotemporaries. They, who draw from the sources of every country inform themselves of the genius of all nations, and know how to affix a proper estimate upon the present age.

I laugh

I laugh sometimes to see the fantastical arrangement of books in some Libraries, where the most sublime writer is placed by the side of the most indifferent; the most learned, with the most extravagant; and the most pious upon the same shelf with the most abandoned.

It is a picture of the world where we see the most enormous vices in the same dwelling with the most eminent virtues.

However, after all, a public Library is a treasure for a country, especially as the Christian Religion, unlike all other religions, does not dread being exposed to view, for the more it is examined, the more will its divine origin be acknowledged. For which reason it were to be wished, that the religious societies, who have excellent Libraries, would lay them open for the inspection of the curious: it would be a preservative against that idleness which stifles the genius of great numbers of people, and throws them headlong into the most dangerous errors.

I am informed, that there are some young people who owe their knowledge and love of study to the Libraries which we enjoy in this city. In them they passed those critical moments which are usually

ally given to pleasure and dissipation, and never quitted them without a fresh desire for study.

It is only requisite to instruct the Librarians, to be careful that they do not lend all kinds of books without distinction. Prudence requires that there should be a very particular attention paid to this article, and the regulations which you have made upon that head, my Lord, do a great deal of honour, both to your zeal and discernment.

The Sciences never made so great progress as they have done since that period when public Libraries were established. Before that time there were only a few learned men dispersed over the whole world, and all the rest remained immersed in ignorance; but at present, well-informed people are to be met with in every country, who speak upon all kinds of subjects in a manner, worthy of attention: that is to say, that in former days, the Sciences, like clouds impelled by violent winds, only watered some countries, but now, like an universal dew, they distil their prolific moisture over the Earth's whole surface.

However, notwithstanding all the advantages which have been derived from public Libraries, we have seen the number of the truly learned daily diminishing,

diminishing, while the superficially informed hourly increase. I am only afraid, that the too great zeal which appears for sharpening the wit, and analizing the Sciences, will entirely destroy them, and the world relapse into that barbarous ignorance which followed the age of Augustus.

The Sciences, like the human Faculties, have their limits, because God alone is infinite; yet if we were to suppose them unlimited, they could be only so relatively to him, who is their fulness and their source.

It is there, my Lord, that you behold them, and to have a proper idea of them, it is from thence, that they must be seen to proceed. Man is not of himself sufficient to give that grandeur and sublimity to the Sciences of which they are capable. Besides, they exist independently of him, and so far from being their creator, he only applies them to his purpose: like the artist, who melts metals, in order to form magnificent works, but does not create the matter which he employs.

There is no colour nor form which has not been given to the Sciences, because they are tractable, and easily receive the impressions which the human mind gives them, according to our different degrees

degrees of understanding; that is to say, with one they appear sublime, with another splendid. They are like a piece of wax, which may be modelled into any shape, if we be capable of using it.

The Sciences resemble the planets, each of them having their own sphere to move in; and as one of them is the nearest to the Sun, so is Theology, if I may use the expression, the nearest to God.

The misfortune of the present age is the desire of confounding all these different spheres, without once reflecting that some of them have characters and properties which others have not. It is believed, that Theology should be handled like Mathematics, while the incomprehensibility of a Being, equally immense and infinite, cannot be susceptible of demonstration, like those things which are evident to the eye or the touch.

If the Sciences, as your Lordship very well expresses it, are not governed by an expert hand, only paradoxes and sophistry are to be found in their train; from whence it comes that we see such numbers of wretched books in our Libraries, as insects and reptiles are to be met with in the most superb gardens. In the moral, as in the natural

tural world, darkness is always in the neighbourhood of light, and poisons near to the most valuable specifics.

There is not any Science wherein men have so frequently erred as in Theology, which is not at all surprising, since they must plunge from abyss to abyss, when they dare attempt to sound a Being so incomprehensible as the Deity. Every Science has its mystery, and its obscurity; but there is no kind of hazard in attempting to fathom them, and bring them to light; while, in Theology the faith cries aloud; "Stop here and go no farther." She is the sentinel placed by the Almighty to make proof of our fidelity, and, if I may use the expression, allows us only to enter the outer courts of the Eternal. If we are hardy enough to force our way we become guilty of high treason against the Deity. It is only after death that we shall find the Palace of Heaven open, and if we have lived like good Christians, we shall enter without any obstruction.

The Heretic and the Infidel, even in this life, would force their way into Heaven, and, as a punishment for their temerity, frightful darkness has taken possession of their souls, and they no longer

longer walk but upon the brink of the precipices. This appears in a very striking manner in their writings. Every page clearly shews that they have forsaken the paths of Truth, and that their pretended reasonings are only labyrinths in which they wander at every step.

All the Sophists, both ancient and modern, pretended to have acquired the knowledge of the Truth, but, as she is only one, they have so mangled her as to make her appear hideous, and have only the shadow while they imagine that they possess the substance.

There is no tempest so violent as the wanderings of the human mind, when once it flies out of its proper boundary. Nothing appears afterwards but frightful clouds intermixed with flashes of lightning, which the ignorant take to be a pure and bright light, but which in the end only dazzles and frequently strikes them entirely blind.

What numbers of books have been written by the glimmering of such deceitful fires which the authors dare to present to the world as masterpieces! No man who composes a work ought to forget that he is writing under the eye of an incomprehensible Being, who is ever present and always

always active: a Being who ought not to be mentioned but with that circumspection which the worship he has established requires: but we act like our first Father, and believe that, by touching the forbidden fruit, we shall become like the Eternal himself; and are so stupidly conceited as to imagine, that we acquire infinite honour by forgetting the authority of God. Why should we expect by leaping over a precipice to be classed in the list of Sages? Or hope to be reckoned Philosophers or Writers of the first rank by attempting to fathom the abyss of the Deity?

From these inconsistencies have sprung all those bad books of which we so much complain, and with the greater indignation that the passions have seized the pen to make vice and folly immortal; as if it were not enough for a man to be corrupted himself, but likewise necessary that he should communicate his corruption.

I own to you, my Lord, that these reflections present themselves in spite of me every time I enter a great Library. Behold, say I to myself, a collection of a few Sages, with a multitude of fools, whose ravings are preserved here as if they were most delighful and truly sublime.

What

What comforts me afterwards is, the thought that the greater the number of errors in the world, the more splendid is the triumph of Truth; she emerges from the bosom of inconsistencies with the greatest lustre; and if all men do not perceive this, it is because they are ill inclined, or that God has struck them with blindness as a punishment for their temerity.

Besides, mens' minds are like trees, some remaining in their wild state while others are grafted; the first yielding only bitter fruit, and the second producing what is both delicious to the taste and pleasing to the eye. It is with sound Philosophy that the mind is grafted; I say sound Philosophy, to distinguish it from mistaken Science which assumes its name.

To be sure these reflections have not escaped you, but when you deigned to ask my opinion upon the utility of Libraries, and the quality of the works which either disfigure or decorate them, you only desired to know if my opinion was conformable to your own.

There is nothing in this world which does not appear with two different aspects. Errors are always to be found by the side of things the mos, valuable

valuable, and it is the province of true Wisdom to retain not what is absolutely without fault, because there are faults every where, but to keep possession of that which has the fewest. Libraries are of infinite use, and the man must have devoted himself to ignorance who does not see and extol their advantages.

A Library is like a medicine chest, where I observe the most deadly poisons among most excellent drugs. In this world tares are every where mixed with the wheat, and happy is the man who can distinguish the good from the bad! The same work frequently contains the greatest truths and the most absurd errors, for which reason it could be wished, that none but very able hands were employed in dissecting these books, that they may reject whatever is of a dangerous tendency.

Your project, my Lord, would be an excellent one if it were possible to have it executed. I speak of the excellent works in your language, which to make them interesting, and draw them from obscurity, should be translated, and the rather that the Polish nation has in every age produced men of remarkable genius and eloquence. It is too great a work for any individual to undertake,

take, but is a task which the Republic might impose upon some religious societies. There are thousands of old worm-eaten books which seem to be devoted only to be forgotten in the dust, from whence much good might be obtained, if the thoughts could be preserved by giving a new turn to the expression. We have a number of Italian authors in the same situation, who by becoming antiquated, are only known to some of the learned, and even they are only acquainted with their titles.

As I said before, it would be frequently necessary to reduce folios into duodecimos, because our Fathers were intolerably prolix; and for such a purpose not only men remarkable for a good style should be employed; but people likewise of real taste and learning.

Men never read so much in any period as the present, and perhaps never to so little purpose. Now a-days it is enough to know books superficially to entitle a man to speak upon every subject, and very often for the wretched satisfaction of raising disputes. This two-fold abuse is the cause of books falling into the hands of a mob of readers, who derive no other advantage from them

but a superfluous knowledge, or a false turn of thought, for the love of controversy ends either in making them believe that every thing is problematical, or obstinately fixing them in some false opinion.

It would be well for men, if, in their choice of books, they preferred those which are written upon the subjects of their profession, contribute to their happiness, or naturally lead their taste to a love of truth and good order; but as if they had many days and years in this life which they may sacrifice to foolish curiosity, they read every thing which falls into their hands without distinction. It never occurs to them while they are reading, that the subjects take root in their hearts and minds; and after having read for fifteen or twenty years, if they desire to look seriously into themselves, they will recollect that their judgment is no longer the same, but has taken an impression from the different works which they have been glancing over, and from thence proceeds that general confusion of ideas in the same person, with all those contrarities and inconsistencies which make him turn with every wind.

Reading

Reading is the nourishment which makes the *sap* of our minds, if I may use the expression, as bodily sustenance forms the chyle which is necessary for our preservation. The soul requires to be fed as well as the body, though in a different manner, and when it is not supported by reading, it flies to business and amusements in search of subsistence. Feeble minds are generally those which are nourished by meer nothings, instead of which the excellent plight and vigour of those which are improved by reading good books is very visible.

Good Libraries, for a mind which knows its own wants, and desires to be satisfied, are excellent tables where it may relish and imbibe the genius of the most esteemed writers. We no longer remain groveling upon earth when we have read some works, and acquired a taste for the more sublime sciences.

The *Belles-Lettres* are only dainties for the mind; but the sublime sciences are solid and savoury food, and at once to satisfy the understanding, and the imagination, it is an excellent method to intermix books of recreation with others which require the closest attention. Those people who are only learned are not agreeable; and they who

are only agreeable are but superficial. We should therefore, join the agreeable with what is essential, according to the advice of the Apostle, who says, *Quæcumque amabilia, quæcumque bonæ famæ, hæc cogitate* *.

It is a sad thing for a man to employ his time in reading on improper subjects. He only reads to good purpose who makes choice of such matter as engages the faculties of his mind, and preserves them in the order which has been assigned them by the Deity.

I wish that young people were instructed to read with reflection and advantage. They commonly finish their education without knowing how to improve their minds by reading, because their sole employment has been to exercise the memory; so that they think they have read to very good purpose, if they remember those things which struck them in the course of their studies.

The employment of the mind in collecting other peoples' thoughts, so as to digest them, and make them it's own, if they are worth so much trouble, is absolutely unknown to most of our young peo-

* Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, think of these things.

ple. They do not know that good books are composed with a view of being relished, and to find entertainment both for the head and heart; and they read all their lives without making any improvement.

To educate young people properly, it is an excellent and uncommon talent, and to be capable of reading to advantage, a very useful knowledge; but if they will not think for themselves, and enter into the spirit of every individual author whom they study, they must be furnished only with a fantastical assemblage of ideas and sentiments, which they pick up here and there.

To make reading truly useful, it should be subjected to our judgment, that we may be capable of weighing its merits by comparing it with the lights of Reason and Religion;—two pillars upon which all our determinations should be supported.

While you remain at Paris, my Lord, where there is no want of authors, you may find some celebrated writer, who will publish some good works upon the subject of reading to advantage. Such a book would be extremely useful, if executed in the manner I conceive it ought to be, and prove an unerring compass for all who wish to study with success:

cess; but for the execution, it is necessary to have views, principles, and rules, easily to be applied, for efforts of genius are not required to succeed in every thing that we attempt.

That kind of reading which takes our genius out of its proper sphere, and hurries it away in whirlwinds, is exceedingly dangerous. Every time we have been reading we should examine ourselves to know whether our ideas and sentiments have been improved or not, for we have a secret monitor within us, and an unerring Reason that will give a faithful account of what passes there, if we strictly examine ourselves, and lay passions and prejudices aside.

Every book which does not assist us to range our ideas and regulate our desires is, at least, useless, if not dangerous, for we should derive some advantage even from our amusements.

Our soul, incorporeal as it is, yet resembles a river always running, which drags along with it both foam and gravel, but sometimes also spangles of gold.

You will, undoubtedly, be astonished to see such a long-winded epistle, which contains but few things with a great many words, but it is your goodness

goodness which has given me confidence enough to be guilty of such excess.

In your last, my Lord, you reproached me with my letters being always too short, but at present I am afraid that this proof of my readiness to obey you will be thought tiresome.

What comforts me, is, that you will not read this Letter in your magnificent Library, for it is, in every respect, unworthy of being admitted; it would make too disgusting a contrast to the good things which are there to be found.

I never have written any thing which deserves admission into the Temple of Taste; but I have written a number of Letters that are entitled to a place in the Temple of Friendship.

Please to regard this letter in that light, if I may presume to call myself your friend, at a time when I am, with all possible veneration, my Lord,

Your most humble servant, &c.

Convent of the Holy Apostles,
2d May, 1757.

P. S. If you were fond of homage and encomiums, I would advise you to come to Rome after you leave Paris. To be sure it is not your direct road

road to return to Poland, but present or absent, you are always in your own country. Omnipresence is a privilege of the Learned; Knowledge gives them a kind of immensity which fixes them in a thousand different places at once.

Besides, you have another self at Cracovia, for learning and abilities, in your illustrious brother the Bishop, who shares with you in the honour of founding a public Library in the midst of your fellow citizens. When you see him, my Lord, I beg you will recommend to him all my brotherhood, who are in Poland, that he may honour them with his special protection, but more particularly the Reverend Father Bledowski.

LETTER CXLI.

TO THE ABBÉ FRUGONI.

THESE Reflections * are sent from the library of Cardinal Passionei; they were written in a hurry,

* The Reflections on Style, which the Reader will find subjoined to this letter.

as

as you will easily perceive. If there be any thing in them that will suit your purpose, so much the better for you; if not, so much the worse for me.

It will not be the first time that I have written things only to be blotted out. I will even acknowledge to you that I make frequent use of the erasure, and this, joined to the fear of encreasing the number of writers in this age, which is already a thousand times too great, has given me a disrelish for composing any regular work. This plea will serve for the ages in which no writers are to be found; for we must take them collectively, in order to excuse the one by the other, and compensate shades with lights, vices with virtues. It is always with the greatest eagerness that I visit this rich and magnificent library, with which you are perfectly well acquainted, but I there find myself so insignificant, that I am ashamed of my own littleness.

The vast number of excellent authors by whom I am here surrounded, seem to reproach me with my want of abilities; happily no ears hear them but my own, otherwise I should be too much humbled.

This library encreases every day by the cares of the Cardinal. He makes it his delight and his treasure, and to deprive him of it would be depriving him of existence. The passion for good books is highly laudable, especially when a man treasures them in his memory and his heart.

Foreigners from all countries contribute no less than books to augment the knowledge of Cardinal Passionei. None of a certain rank come to Rome, who are not eager to visit him, and impart to him what they know. We have seen even French ladies, whose works and wit have acquired them reputation, procure for themselves the advantage of an intimacy with him, whom he treats with all the politeness due to their merit.

For my part, I keep myself here in a little corner, and am content to admire, which is the only part proper for a simple Friar.

The case would not be the same with you were you pleased to visit this place. The Cardinal has a particular esteem for you, and would be highly delighted to receive you, as I am to assure you of the inviolable and respectful attachment with which I have the honour to be, &c.

This 26 June, 1758.

REFLEC-

REFLECTIONS ON STYLE.

Sent to the Abbé Frugoni with the Preceding Letter.

STYLE being the manner of expressing and giving a colour to our thoughts, we should be particularly attentive to make it analogous to the different kinds of writing.—One composition requires the temperate, another the sublime Style.

Every writer has a Style peculiar to himself, and with whatever address he may vary it, he never deceives the connoisseurs. The Creator, who doth not make two things exactly alike, hath thrown as much variety into our opinions, ideas, and the manner of expressing them, as into our faces. It was his design that every mind should bear its peculiar stamp; and this wonderful diversity, which characterises every individual, proves the infinite fecundity of a being to whom nothing is difficult, and who doth what seemeth him good.

Authors may most properly be compared to sculptors and painters. The pen of the writers is the chissel of the statuaries; and the pencil, of those who apply themselves to painting and design.

sign. Thus every book, every discourse, every letter, is a picture and a work in relievo. If the Style be bold, it may be compared to a piece of sculpture; if on the contrary it abound with colouring, it may be called a lively expressive picture.

To keep up the comparison, a library is a gallery in which all the books are so many portraits. Some appear as emblems of the heart; others give a body to the understanding;—these subject to our touch the impalpable soul—those embellish the imagination with the most lively strokes.

Every writer on profound subjects guards against a dazzling Style. In scientific matters the diction ought to be simple, unless we aim at misleading our readers, in which case we are Quacks not Philosophers.

Style is a kind of Magic, which is but too often successfully employed to make paradoxes be received as truths, Sophisms for solid arguments. By these strategems the greatest part of Infidels and Heretics have subtilely distilled their poison. Their works are so well written, that the reader forgot the matter in favour of the manner, and a

sentence

sentence wrought into harmonious cadence procured them a number of admirers. Some works require a masculine Style, as public speeches, and pleadings; others, a solemnity of diction, as prayers, and books of devotion.

History being a picture, in which a mixture of light and shade, and a frequent repetition of great strokes are indispensably necessary, ought to be written with energy and truth, sometimes placing things in the clearest point of view, at others softening them, scattering flowers with a judicious hand, and always shewing Virtue in its loveliness, Vice in its deformity.

I say nothing here of Romances, which at best are worthless performances; because like the generality of our theatrical pieces, they are almost all out of nature, or have almost all the same *denouement*. Besides, it is almost morally impossible for an author who has recourse to fiction, in order to inculcate truth, to avoid playing a double character, and therefore becoming unnatural.

The Style of academical Works ought to be brilliant, as they belong only to the province of Wit.—They must contain dazzling meteors, surprising cascades, and artfully-managed lights, which

which open to the view some charming spectacle. In them the words ought to be so skilfully *set* as reciprocally to embellish each other, like the flowers of a nosegay, that by judicious arrangement, contribute their mutual aid to form a whole, which at the same time pleases and fills the eye. But in these pieces, from overstrained efforts of Wit in order to catch the attention, the painting is commonly unnatural, and bears marks of laboured stiffness.

As to the Style of Sermons, it offends against all rules, if it be not pathetic, nervous, and sublime. The path has been pointed out by St. Chrysostom, he who always with God, always *fed by the milk of the word*, and perfectly acquainted with the human heart, speaks, thunders, shakes, and leaves to sinners no other answer but cries and remorse.

If a Preacher only instructs, he does no more than prepare the mind. If he only affects the passions, he leaves but a slight impression; but if he scatters the ointment of Grace, while he diffuses the light of Truth, he has fulfilled his whole duty.

Panegyrics, like funeral orations, ought to unite the Style of the Pulpit and Academy; but to succeed

ceed in these, Wit ought to appear only to throw off the expression with its proper shadings, and give a colouring to the Genius.

Such works ought to be the Creation only of Genius, as it is requisite that they be at once simple and sublime, historical and polemical, instructive and affecting. Morality ought to be their soul, but she must seem to offer herself spontaneously, that neither effort nor affection on the part of the Orator may be visible in her introduction. I have read scarce any good funeral eulogiums, because, after the exordium, their authors called in the assistance of Wit, which, when searched for, is never found.

A man might often find under his pen what he fetches from a great distance; and from that moment, instead of being surrounded by his own thoughts, he is beset by exotic productions, which have a languid and forced appearance, like the plants of the South, reared in the regions of the North.

Epistolary writing has a peculiar Style, and which is entirely undetermined, being scarce subject to any other rules, than those which every man prescribes to himself, according to his cast of

of thinking, his taste, his whim, his humour. Among the fair sex it is ordinarily more natural, because being less acquainted with the world and with books than the generality of the men, their letters can only give a transcript of themselves.

Besides, letters vary in their Style according to the ranks people occupy, and the persons with whom they are connected.—Thus when I write to you, my dear Abbé, I use the Style of conversation. It was that of Cicero, when he corresponded with his friends, but how far does my imitation come short of the model!

Though we have letters which treat interesting points with great depth, yet the epistolary way of writing requires that the subject should not be examined to the bottom. As it ought to resemble conversation, it should be simple and light.

Letters in a too florid Style, are commonly studied, for which they are far from being the better. When they are the dictates of sincere friendship, the pen ordinarily runs without constraint; if we meet a flower in our way, we gather it, but we never stop to look for one.

Our Holy Father (Benedict XIV) has the talent of writing a letter with much more precision than

is

is usual in our language. I have seen some of them in which the words seem to disappear, and only the thoughts present themselves to the eye. This is the effect of an imagination, equally strong and sprightly, which expresses itself only by sallies of wit.

We have general rules for all the different Styles, but it is a sure and fundamental truth, that every man has one peculiar to himself, and that it is often proper to retain it. But Nature is ordinarily stifled under a load of precepts, we then replace it by Art; and we now meet only with factitious genius.

There would be much less *monotony* in our writings, if we did not pay a too fertile submission to what we learn at College. By a happy effort rules may be shaken off, and this is almost always the lot of genius.—The man who adheres too rigidly to method seldom writes with fire, when Wit is fettered its sprightliness evaporates, its sparkling is extinguished.

I see no reason why all Sermons should be tied down to the same form. The eloquence of the Pulpit would take a bolder flight were it left at liberty to trace out for itself the most proper plan.

Had

Had I been a Preacher, I believe I should not have restricted myself to divisions nor subdivisions: we see no such constraint in the fathers, who were the most eloquent of men.

When the head and heart are full, and have a lively impression of the subject, they can instruct and affect, without a first and second part.

Every discourse, doubtless, requires a certain geometrical order, that it may not become a mass without form, and disgust the audience, but it is the geometry of Nature for which a just way of thinking is sufficient, and the man who possesses that, may flatter himself that he will not mistake in this article.

His own reason furnishes every man with an excellent course of Logic, the only thing required is to put it in practice.

I do not pretend that no rules ought to be given upon Eloquence, and the method of composing discourses; but it is dangerous to give them so much importance as to prohibit all departure from them.

The greatest painters prescribed rules for themselves, and we ought to endeavour to become originals, instead of remaining perpetually imitators.

LETTER

LETTER CXLII.

TO THE SAME.

DO not imagine that I have sounded the depth of the Sciences, I have only skimmed the surface. Whether from the narrowness of my genius, or the duties of my profession, it has never been in my power to gratify the pleasure I should have felt in being able to cultivate them. My study, you know, has been principally confined to a Gothic system of philosophy: if, at some leisure moments, I was desirous of acquainting myself with Des Cartes and Newton, I could only have a glimpse of them, and I was even obliged to steal from sleep time to procure myself that satisfaction.

I have preached some Sermons, but they were hasty compositions, and I never made that my occupation. Theology afterwards employed all my attention, and I acknowledge that I have been charmed with it, having always entertained a pe-

culiar

culiar attachment to every thing that could turn our thoughts directly to God.

As to this Science, so worthy of our enquiry and application, when it is freed from those opinions and superfluities with which it has been overloaded by the barbarism of the schools, I study it as closely as possible, always finding it more satisfactory, more sublime, and more worthy of my attention.

The high esteem which I had conceived for this Science even induced me to compose, or rather to new mould, some Treatises on Theological subjects. All this, joined to the office of Consultor, with which I have been invested, has permitted me only to make some slight excursions into the foreign regions of Literature, of which I know just enough for conversation.

This is all my merit. You see that it is very small, and that I should have a great share of vanity were I ridiculous enough to plume myself on it.

It is true, that I am extremely fond of application, and if that can supply the want of science and genius, I may, in that respect, not be entirely

undeserving

undeserving. Every one here traces his furrow as he can.

I would willingly have studied Mathematics, of which I have only a general idea, having by stealth acquired a slight, and but a very slight, tincture of them.

However this is much more than is necessary to salvation. Heaven has not been promised to the Natural Philosopher, nor to the Mathematician; but to those who shall love God and their neighbour, and fulfill the Commandments of the Gospel and the Church.

I have not enjoyed the advantage of travel, which would have improved me, considering the eager desire I entertained to visit foreign countries, and especially my thirst of knowledge and communicative temper, to which you are no stranger. The company of learned men is the best book that can be opened; when it has been my good fortune to meet with any such, I have drawn from them every thing I could, and even tired them with my questions.

However, I will acknowledge that I have been made amends by the correspondence of my coun-

trymen,

trymen, for Italy has, in all ages, produced illustrious men in every department.

It is fortunate for a man to be born in a country where there is a continued succession of lights, and where he can find all the necessary sources of information on every subject. Foreign nations, especially the French, by introducing among us their books, their customs and their manners have enabled us to give them their proper value; and Rome is, at this day, the center of all Knowledge, as she is of Truth and Unity.

The only thing to be regretted in this age is, its want of docility to the voice of the Church, and that the profusion of lights which God hath bestowed on the present generation, serves in part only to form a league against Heaven, as if we could besiege the Eternal, before whom all mankind collected is only an atom, a nothing.

But thus it must needs be in order to heighten the lustre of Religion, to excercise the faith of the just, and to shew us that the greatest geniuses are liable to the greatest errors, when they suffer their thoughts to wander in the abyss, and have no point of support.

But,

But, as you justly observe, God alone is that point of support, as he is the center of all re-union, that is the principle whence all things flow, and to which all things must return.

Men imagine themselves to be greater the more they strive to remove from him, as if he was not the fountain of all greatness, and as if it argued weakness to humble themselves under the Majesty of an all-powerful Being, by whom they move, breathe, and exist.

St. Augustine, who was so long carried from the right path by the vortex of Heterodox, and even impious systems, thought himself of no esteem till he returned to the sovereign Truth. He knew, by the tumultuous workings of his understanding and heart, that he must take his station on the Holy Mountain if he desired to give things their just value, and secure himself from all surprize and seduction.

The mind of man, ever restless, has only vague ideas, and unsettled thoughts, unless fixed by some authority. If he would be happy, and spare himself a series of researches, which will only lead him to doubt of every thing, or to deny the most certain and established Truths, he must, from the moment

moment of his entrance into the world, receive the doctrines of Religion, with the docility of a child.

How is it possible that men should continue unbelievers, after having observed, that all those who have rejected the Faith have only given chimerical systems, and finished their career without being able to bring a single demonstration of the falsehood of Christianity, and without any other reputation to themselves, than the characters of Sophists?

When Collins and Bayle struck out for themselves new paths, and endeavoured to make mankind believe that they were persons inspired, who came to enlighten the world, and free it from its prejudices, who would not have believed that they would pass for Gods, and altars be erected to them after their death? Yet we remember them only to deplore their errors, or laugh at their absurdities; and there is no man, however indifferent with regard to Religion, that would at this day be willing to be a Spinoza.

Such is the strength of Truth, it may be for some time obscured, but it can never be stifled. When it is imagined to be entirely extinct, it rises like

like a fire which was thought to be dead under its ashes, and shoots up a bright and rapid flame, at a moment it was not expected.

We allow that there are obscurities in the Catholic doctrine, because, according to St. Paul, Faith is the *evidence of things not seen*: but shall we quit a country where the sky is obscured by a few clouds, to go into a place of darkness and horror? While we follow the Christian Religion we find points of support; but he who departs from that, travels only at random over ruins and precipices.

This is what I lately said to a gentleman of England, a man worthy of his country for his knowledge and the elevation of his genius, but hurried away by the torrent of infidelity, which I compare to Mount Vesuvius at the time of an eruption.

"Whither would you lead us," said I to him, "when you strip us of all the truths held forth by "Christianity;—sublime truths which give us the "highest idea of the Divinity! Truths that speak "comfort by shewing him always in the midst of "us, our helper and preserver! Truths always "opposed, but always victorious! Whoever is

"unhappy enough to disbelieve them, sinks into "the class of brutes, and has nothing to hope "but a wretched annihilation. It was surely "worth while to make so many researches, so "many efforts of genius, in order to attain so "notable a discovery! and yet in this end all the "books written against Religion; see to what you "would lead mankind, with your philosophical "principles. Who could have imagined, that a "man must be a philosopher to make us live like "beasts, and persuade us that their end and ours "is the same?

"Then the fashionable wit will convert the "world into a menagery, of which the lion as the "strongest, the elephant as the largest, will be "the masters and sovereigns. What a beauteous "work! Yes, my Lord, according to your prin-"ciples, you must determine to look upon the "leopard or the rhinoceros as your king; but you "establish systems, and when we mention con-"sequences you elude the difficulty.

"In the Christian Religion every thing is con-"nected, every thing is combined. If we lay "down principles, we dread not the consequences "that may be drawn from them. You will tell

"me

" me, that it is a religion very rigorous in its im-
" positions on mankind. That it is a proof that
" they were not its contrivers, or they would have
" made it softer. We would not see that religion
" founded on self-denial: Men would at least
" have permitted vicious desires."

The Englishman resembled Felix mentioned by St. Paul, he was shaken, and unhappily remains still an unbeliever.

Notwithstanding this, I entertain a sincere friendship for him, and that friendship made me desirous that he should think rightly. Accordingly, he does me the justice to own, that I hate no man because of his opinions, and that even the most obstinate unbelievers, though I detest their principles, are sure of finding in my heart all the charity we owe to our brethren.

I know not how my letter has expanded in this manner; I myself am surprized at its length, and yet loth to finish it, because I could be willing always to converse with you, of whom, I am from sentiment, as well as reason, the most humble, and most obedient servant, &c.

LETTER CXLIII.

TO THE R. F. VALENTIN.

I AM sorry, Reverend Father, that I could not see you yesterday as I desired; but unforeseen business came in my way of so pressing a nature, that I could not put it off a single minute.

The person you have seen, answered you as he ought, and your surprize is to me matter of admiration. You have not yet fathomed our Italian policy, and I acknowledge that I am scarce better acquainted with it than you. Politics are not the science of Theologians, they are acquainted with no subtilties but those of the schools.—You will do me a real pleasure if you will come to-morrow morning and drink a dish of chocolate at eight o'clock: I have so ordered my affairs, that I can pass a whole hour with you. I will plant a sentinel

tinel at my gate to prevent the intrusion of troublesome visitors; for if a man is only in office, that is enough to be overwhelmed with them, which is an excellent trial of patience, and gives opportunity for doing acts of charity, but is by no means proper for business. I entreat you to bring me F. Castan's last letter; I shall be glad to give it a second perusal. You know the sentiments I have vowed to entertain of you and your congregation through life.—Your affectionate servant,

CARD. GANGANELLI.

P. S. The bearer of this letter will bring me the French Mercury which I asked you for, and the little Manuscript I lent you. Do not write to the Bishop of Orleans without letting me know.

Rome, 13th Aug. 1768.

LETTER

LETTER CXLIV.

TO THE ABBÉ ISIDORE BIANCHI,

Present Secretary of the Embassy from the Court of Naples to Lisbon.

THE two works which you promised me, are at last arrived according to your desire, and I beg to return you a thousand thanks for procuring me so much pleasure.

As to the first, I had already seen your learned Observations upon the Monument of Albacina, which our dear Doctor the Abbé Lami gave an account of in his Literary Intelligence of the year 1763. It seems to me that you have reasoned upon Antiquity, as we reason upon Mathematics, that is to say, by demonstration, and have most triumphantly determined the scite of the ancient territory of Tufico.

It is plain that Signor Michael Vannozzi would not have attacked your Dissertation but from a motive of jealousy.

His impertinent criticism has procured you an opportunity of shewing the world how Gentlemen should

should dispute. You have employed only truth and good manners in your Apology, while your Adversary has had recourse to abuse and evasions, which proves that controversy, with some writers, is always accompanied by satire.

I have not had an opportunity to read with attention your excellent Dissertation upon the Monument which was lately discovered at Pompeio. I have no doubt of your having victoriously terminated the dispute which arose among the Antiquaries upon that subject. You need only dread the Academicians of Naples, who are so very jealous of what belongs to them, that every foreigner appears guilty in their eyes who presumes to write upon the Antiquities of Pompeio or Herculaneum. You cannot be ignorant of their late behaviour to our dear and illustrious Abbé Winchelman.

I beg you will not desist from your labours; and I pray you to be convinced that I will let slip no opportunity of proving to you the perfect esteem with which I am,

Your most devoted servant,

GANGANELLI

ROME, Convent of the Holy Apostles,
This 14th September, 1768.

LETTER

LETTER CXLV.

TO THE REVEREND FATHER CORSI.

REVEREND FATHER,

YOU can do nothing better than compose a Treatise of Ethics, as a companion for those books of Theology of which you are the author. Philosophy gives only a very succinct exposition of morals; and in every condition it is necessary to know thoroughly what regulates our manners, and serves us as a compass in the midst of the revolutions and the dangers of life.—Morality, as the basis of Probity and Christianity, is always useful, whereas the other Sciences can serve only occasionally.

But neither among the ancient nor modern Philosophers are you to seek for Morality such as it should be taught, and such as it ought to be practised. The bosom of God is the great book in which its excellency and its precepts

cepts are found: from his Divine Will are our obligations derived, and as he has established the most wonderful and most harmonious order in all parts of the universe, in like manner has he bound our understanding, our heart, our soul, our passions, our appetites, in so firm connexion that every thing in us naturally concurs to make us well with ourselves and with our neighbours.

Morality is not enough insisted upon, though that Science has so extensive and numerous ramifications, that families, societies, cities, courts, empires are supported only by its happy influence, and by the virtue it has to point out to us, in the clearest and most exact manner, our duty to God, to our Neighbour, and ourselves.

One thing admirable is, that among the multitude of obligations recommended to us by Morality, and to which we are subjected both by our nature and dependence, Charity, which really subsists only in the true Religion, makes us, without any other aid, good parents, good friends, good citizens, good subjects. Under the most modest exterior it comprehends in all that we can desire in whatever rank Providence may have placed us.—The heathen virtues wanted that divine sap

which brings forth fruits worthy of eternity.—— The wisdom of the ancient Philosophers knew not that Heavenly principle which gives to Christian souls the blessing of meriting eternal happiness.

This is a point you cannot too much insist upon in your intended Treatise of Morals, for thus you will rise to the source of the true virtues, and be able to distinguish them from those which are only their shadows. To relieve our neighbour from a natural emotion is a good action, but not to do that action for God's sake is far from being good. In this case we may say, * *Hæc opportuit facere, et illa non omittere*; and repeat the axiom so well known in our schools, *Bonum ex integra causa, malum ex quoeumque defectu* †.

The grand precepts of Morality are the same in all nations, because they are imprinted on our hearts. The same hand which traced the image of its omnipotence in the Heavens, in characters of flame, engraved our principal duties in our souls. Our heart is a table of the decalogue which

* These things you ought to have done, and not to have left the others undone.

† Good results from integrity of principle, ill from any defect.

cannot

cannot be broken, but which our passions would obliterate, did not the voice of conscience reproach us with our errors.

Evangelical Morality is, above all others, suited to the nature of Man, because it teaches him to feel his weakness, and to know his dignity. It unites the earth and the Heaven whence we sprung as being a portion of clay and the image of the Deity, in order to present us with a living picture of our duties and our destinies.---Pagan Morality engenders Pride, Christian Morality brings forth Humility. I expect to see all these things displayed at full length in your work. St. Thomas has written on Morality in a manner which must excite the most lively admiration. You will doubtless read what he says on that head: this is all I can say, only adding the esteem and friendship with which, &c.

Rome, this 22d Jan. 1747.

LETTER

LETTER CXLVI.

TO M. MURATORI.

I Have spoken to our Holy Father (Benedict XIV.) of the opposition you meet with, and his expressions were, that, *the more you suffer for the sake of Justice, the more precious you will be in the sight of God, and of all men who are animated with his righteous spirit.* He will address a brief to you himself, which must support you, and prove to your enemies that nothing reprehensible is to be found in your works, neither respecting opinions nor morals; and the only thing in the least to be found fault with, had no other object but certain priviledges of the Holy See. He will likewise write to Cardinal Quirini, who seems to be prejudiced against you in the article of the Festivals, which you desire to have retrenched; and I am persuaded that, notwithstanding the zeal with which his Eminency is devoured, he will yield to the

the latter, and resume all thoes sentiments in your favour, which you so much deserve.

As for me, Sir, I shall for ever congratulate myself for having, in some degree, contributed to have that Justice done you which is your due, and in putting a stop to the persecution which was raised against you; and which was the more unpardonable, as nobody stands up so meritoriously as you in defence of our Holy Religion. It is a terrible thing to contend with the hatred of the superstitious. They are not to be got the better of, either by force or reason, because they mistake all the ideas which enter their own brains, for irrefragable truths.

You may always depend upon me as upon yourself, and be persuad d that I never can think my name placed more honourably than at the bottom of this letter, which assure you with what devotion and respect I am, &c.

Rome, 7th Aug. 1748.

LETTER

LETTER CXLVII.

TO THE SAME.

YOU have enriched me in the most splendid and magnificent manner, by the present of your last work. I shall place it in my library so as to have it perpetually in my eye; and read it with such application as shall imprint its contents on my understanding and heart. It is amazing, that invectives against your person and writings should have been uttered from the Pulpit; but you must comfort yourself with the reflection, that your censurers are wolves in sheeps' cloathing, and that we know them by their fruits. I would write to you at more length, were it not my destiny to be continually deprived of every thing that gives me more than ordinary pleasure; however, though this letter be contrasted within narrow bounds, I protest to you that none can be set to my respect, for that knows no other limit than my soul, which will never have an end.

ROME, 22nd Oct. 1748.

LETTER

LETTER CXLVIII.

TO THE REV. F. BAUDIER,

Professor of Theology in the Great College of the F. F. Mineos Conventuals at Turin, and present ex-provincial at Chambery.

I BEG you will be persuaded that I have nothing more at heart than your affairs As to the Thesis which you propose to dedicate to me, I conjure you to think of it seriously before-hand. In the first place, I believe it is not right that your Pupil should make my name appear at the head of his theological conclusions. Secondly, because I cannot serve you so effectually when it is known that I have particular reasons for being engaged in your interest. And thirdly, because I absolutely am not worthy of the honour.

However you may depend upon it, that whatever way you determine, either to execute, or to renounce your project, I shall be equally attached and devoted to you.

I salute all our Reverend Fathers most humbly, and have the honour to be, &c.

ROME, 2nd July, 1749.

LETTER

LETTER CXLIX.

TO THE R. P. CRUTTO, MINOR CONVENTUAL AT TURIN.

I AM excessively confounded when I think of the Thesis, which both the Professor and the Defender condescend to do me the favour of dedicating to me, but I assure you with all possible sincerity of heart, that such an honour should be destined for a different kind of person than I, who am the least worthy of the human race.

I beg of you to acknowledge my obligations to the Rev. F. Baudier and his most worthy pupil, and the rather because it is to you I owe this dedication. I wish with all my heart that an opportunity would offer wherein I might convince them of my sentiments, and give them a proof, that in every thing which depends upon me, I am at their service.

I shall never forget that I owe to you the being celebrated in so famous a city as your's, and in a convent which may be called the flower of your province.

province. At least prescribe something for me to do by way of recompence for the honour you have now procured me, and believe me to be ever with all possible respect and gratitude,

Your's, &c.

Rome, 27th September, 1749.

LETTER CL.

TO THE REV. BAUDIER,

Professor in the College of F. F. Minor Conventuals at Turin.

I Wish to God that my abilities were sufficient to return you such thanks as you deserve, for the splendid dedication with which you have honoured me.

As soon as possible, I shall even lay before our Holy Father (Benedict XIV.) the Thesis which is perfectly consonant with your merit and abilities, but of which I was by no means worthy. My intention

tention is not only to make him read it, but to prove to him how desirous our Order is to support the rights of the Holy See, even out of the confines of the Ecclsiastical State. He will be exceedingly well pleased.

As for me, I think of giving you, as well as your generous Athletes, the most convincing proof of my gratitude; for at the very moment that the Thesis will be defended amidst the most learned men at Turin, it will receive the most solemn applause from the mouth of our Holy Father himself, the oracle of the Church Universal. I beg you will let me know wherein I can be useful to you, or your worthy pupil; how I shall acknowledge his attention, and by what means I can prove to him as well as to you, the whole extent of my gratitude and friendship. Perhaps some fortunate chance may procure me the pleasure of seeing you here. Neither time nor my present engagements will allow me to proceed. Please to accept the sentiments with which

I am, &c.

Rome, 30th September, 1749.

LETTER

LETTER CLI.

TO THE REV. FATHER CALDANI,

A Franciscan.

WOULD you believe that some people have dared to dedicate a Thesis to me—I say *dared*, for it requires more than courage to offer me such a compliment; me the most insignificant mortal I know, and who am not possessed of a single quality that can justify them for this affront, or this honour.

However it is some consolation in this exploit, that the Thesis is drawn up with the greatest elegance and exactness, and treats on a subject of all others the most interesting to us, and most admirable in the sight of Religion: I mean the Church.

What a vast field, when viewed with the eye of Faith! It is the domain of Jesus Christ himself, the price of his Blood, the triumph of his Sufferings and of his Mission. History can present us with no scene so magnificent as the formation of the

the Church, and its victories over Tyrants, as well as over the Passions. The Spectacle of Nature itself is only an object unworthy of our regard, when put in comparison with that Holy Society, before whose lights and virtues the stars themselves fade away.

You have often solicited me to compose a theological Treatise on this subject, which is so beautiful, so fertile, so worthy of our enquiries and admiration: but, terrified by the boundless extent of the subject, I drop the pencil from my hands every time I attempt to sketch that grand and magnificent picture.

When I reflect that God himself, his Word and his Spirit, have begotten the Church, in order to make of her a second Heaven much more luminous than the first, and that they have given her all their glory, all their holiness, to serve as a guiding light through all ages and nations, I feel my courage forsake me, and my very existence absorbed in gratitude and adoration. But this Church we shall not know perfectly till we are in the bosom of God, from whom she is an emanation, and to whom, as to her supreme happiness, she incessantly tends. The world is a veil here below,

below, which hides from us her brightness; and it must necessarily be rent and disappear, that we may behold that Divine Church in all her beauty, and all her immensity. How many men powerful in word and in deed, between Adam and the last of the Elect, who shall compleat the mysterious ring in which will be comprehended all the celestial spirits and all the saints! This is, truly, that innumerable multitude mentioned in the Apocalypse, and which St. John saw in the midst of an ineffable rapture.

This Church, immense as it is, subsists in the heart of every just man, by reason of that charity which intimately connects him with all the inhabitants of the earth and the Heaven, even with the men yet unborn, and who, by an act of infinite mercy, are predestined one day to be the subjects of Christ; for such is the bond by which all the Elect are united, that they who are dead, as well as they who are alive, nay even they who have not yet seen the light, form an inseparable whole; and this connection, by such powerful ties, though seldom attended to, is a proof of her great strength and extent. The particles of gold, notwithstanding their close and durable junction, have not that indissoluble,

indissoluble, inseparable union, which subsists among the friends of God.—I have often been pleased with the perusal of old courses of Theology, notwithstanding their Gothic turn, and have found in them thoughts proper to inspire the highest idea of the Church, and of Religion.

It seems as if the less writers attached themselves to the diction, the less do they enervate the thought, and that what is gained in the matter is lost in the manner. Hence are the Fathers of the Church so sublime when they treat of moral Duties or speculative Religion. Their stile appears to have nothing in it human: and it is not surprising that what is eternal should absorb what is only fleeting and momentary.

To write a good Treatise on the Church would require a man's whole life, though he were endowed with the greatest piety and learning. So numerous are its wonders, its mysteries, its beauties, that the soul is scarcely capable of collecting and forming them into a whole, in a manner worthy of the subject.—Whatever appears dazzling to the human eye, fades before the eternal Word, and his ineffable operations, the result of which is the Church, for she hath received her perfection and dignity

dignity in the Manger, and on the Cross. It began with the world. The creative breath which animated the first man formed the original *stamen* of the Church, which, passing from Adam into Abel, and from him by succession into the hearts of all just persons to the end of time, has remained incapable of stain, amidst the contagion of ages, climates and nations.

The vices by which the Church is surrounded, beset, but do not defile it. She stems that torrent of iniquity with which the world is overflowed, and the sinners in her bosom only render her more beautiful and venerable.

The Apocalypse is a mine of gold and diamonds to whoever has its key, and would make the Church the subject of his labours. But that book is filled with a holy darkness, which will not be cleared up till the end of time. The Apostles and the Fathers have lifted up a little corner of that mysterious veil, but so slightly, that it is with the greatest difficulty we can get a view of the celestial lights. One thing is certain, that the holy dread with which we are struck while we peruse it, ought to convince us, that it contains great mysteries, and that the future life to which we are destined, will

will make us see and know things the most sublime and extraordinary.

The Natural Man, who is not endowed with Faith, cannot be persuaded, that the Church, whose external only he beholds, should be thus wonderful; yet she is the chain which links together all things visible and invisible; and the world itself was created only to bring forth children for her. I figure her to myself as a tree whose top reaches the summit of the Heavens, whose roots pierce to the deepest abyss, and against which all the storms let loose their rage without being able to wither or overthrow it.

It has now subsisted, under the names of the Old and New Testament, for nearly six thousand years, without interruption, and under its shadow the Apostles and Patriarchs, the Fathers and Prophets have wrought out their own Salvation, and that of an infinite number of souls who have listened to them with submission.

If we consider the Church in her outward appearance, nothing can be more weak: her head and her members are men of flesh and blood, subject to all the passions: she has no other arms, no other strength than those words of Jesus Christ:

Go

Go and preach the Gospel to all nations—Lo, I am with you to the end of the world. But take a view of her internally, and nothing is stronger: for being inceasingly guided and enlightened by the Holy Spirit, God himself is her impregnable rampart. He stretched forth his arm whenever she stood in need of assistance, and that at the time when no hope seemed to remain.

In a mystical sense, she is an exact counterpart of the material world, she is continually vivified by a central and divine fire; enlightened by a sun even in the middle of the night; endowed with a fertility which makes her bud and bring forth fruit for time and for eternity; watered with a miraculous dew, by which, like Nature, she is at once embellished and refreshed: she has her diamonds, her pearls, her metals, her plants, her flowers. Her sacraments may be compared to the rivers; her prayers to the sweet smoke of incense; her good works to the delicious fruits of the earth; her ministers to the stars, which guide and enlighten us.

All the works of God are connected by so close relations, in such perfect harmony, that the corporeal aids the spiritual, the visible is united with

the invisible, in order to form a Whole which blesses its Creator and proclaims his Excellence and Majesty.

I acknowledge that the Church is my universe. She is so ancient, so extensive, comprehends so many objects, that I am lost in her immensity.—With such precision does she unite all ages, all countries, that time and space are contrasted to a single point. By the identity she gives to the Faith, the Hope, the Charity of all those to whom she is at once the compass and the sea, she forms them into a single vessel of election. When we behold the perfect harmony between the members of Jesus Christ, we might affirm that their prayers, their actions are those of an individual.

Every private person in the Church has his peculiar opinions with regard to Religion, every sect its characteristic doctrine; but in the Holy Society of the Elect, there is only *one Faith, one Salvation, one Baptism.*

This is a summary of the articles we are to consider, and the points of view in which we are to place the Church when we would represent her such as she is; that Church Militant here on earth under a visible head, whom the Messiah hath clothed

thed with his authority; who suffers in Purgatory under the justice of a God impossible to be beheld but by the perfectly spotless; and who triumphs in Heaven in the bosom of Mercy and true Glory.

This picture, though confined to so narrow a compass, may be sufficient for the execution of your project. The Scriptures, the Councils, the Fathers and Tradition may enable a man to write a Treatise on the Church with success. But it is one thing to point out what is requisite to be known on that subject, another to write on it in a manner answerable to its excellence and dignity.

St. Augustine has furnished us with noble materials, especially in his polemical writings, against the Donatists. Upon their ruins he erected in the most splendid style, that superb edifice, which they thought to overthrow: every age has seen the sect, that dared to attack the Church, fall with hideous ruin; and nothing of them has remained but clouds of dust, which blind the eyes of those that are not attentive to dissipate them.

According to the eternal Oracle, *He who heareth not the Church, ought to be regarded as a Heathen Man, and a Publican.* With this text ought a Treatise on that subject to be closed, and with it I

conclude my letter, wishing you all the prosperities which God reserves for his friends, and which, though often presented under the appearance of bitterness, yet are no less desirable blessings.

Nothing can be added to the esteem and friendship you deserve, and with which I am your's, &c.

LETTER CLII.

TO THE REV. F. GENTIS,

A Dominican and Bishop of Antwerp.

MY LORD,

I HAVE executed your commission with all the zeal of which I am capable when I reflect on what is due to yourself, to the respectable Order whose habit you wear, and the high dignity with which you are cloathed. I am extremely sorry that the two countries in which we live, are so far apart, but however I am comforted with the thoughts that we are situated, both the one and the other of

us,

us, just where God pleases; you upon the candlesticks of the Church, and I in obscurity.

I see nothing in this world which is more entitled to our praise and respect than the office of a Bishop, whether we regard it in the source from whence it flows, or by observing the wonderful effects which it has produced. It has Jesus Christ, the author of Holiness, for its Institutor and its Chief, and by the Grace which he confers he unites the earth with Heaven. Thus we may see that the Bishops were always held in the greatest regard by all those Kings and Emperors who had the happines to embrace the Christian Religion. They looked upon them as their Oracles in deciding matters of faith, and as their tutelary angels, capable of conducting them in their heavenly concerns.

The world unhappily no longer looks upon the successors of the Apostles with that veneration with which they were regarded formerly; and while they despise them they despise Jesus Christ, for they are, in a super-eminent degree, the Lord's anointed.

You, more than any other, will make that sublime office respected, not by haughtiness, which every

every good Bishop detests, but by those virtues which shine forth in you with such remarkable splendor, and which are the gifts of the Holy Ghost.

There can be no better method for the Episcopacy to be avenged for the insults offered to it by irreligion, than by Bishops shewing themselves mild and humble of heart; in a word, by behaving as you behave to your Diocesans.

That time which your Lordship spent in the Order of St. Dominick, is the best novitiate which you could have made to qualify you for the Bishoprick. There they study, they preach, they pray, and they instruct; and find nothing there but examples of Holiness, and opportunities of working out their own Salvation, in labouring for that of others.

The Rev. Father Bremond is always warmly attached to you, and never mentions your name but from the overflowings of his heart. Nothing can bring more comfort to the heart of the General of an Order than to have children like you, my Lord, who learn to love and practise Religion.

The country where you live does not present pictures so loudly cried up as those of Italy; however,

you

you have some excellent master-pieces deserving the attention of the Connoisseur. On seeing the works of Rubens we would wish to be Rubens, or to become Michael Angelo, when we admire his productions.

What I should dread of all things for you my Lord, is, that Antwerp being so frequently exposed to become the Theatre of War, you are in danger of having your repose and the duties of your office interrupted. Flanders is very different from our Italy, by its situation, but the truly wise man finds a retreat for himself in his own heart, and nothing disturbs his peace of mind when he is well with God, and looks for nothing but the favour of Heaven.

That is your situation, and mine is to repeat to you incessantly the sentiments of respect, esteem, and attachment, with which I have the honour to be,

My Lord, &c.

Rome, 6th November, 1750.

LETTER CLIII.

TO DOCTOR BIANCHI, AT ROME.

DEAR DOCTOR.

YOUR invitation to Rimini gives me sensible pleasure, by recalling the idea of the spot where I performed my first studies, and at the same time, fills me with mortification, by the impossibility of gratifying my desire to come and embrace you. I am confined by a vow of obedience which fetters down my body to the Convent of the Holy Apostles, but hinders not my soul from making an excursion, and visiting every corner of the good town where you reside.

Within these few days I read that Rimini is really a renowned city on the score of its antiquity; that T. Livius mentions it as a colony which succoured Rome when that Capitol was distressed by Hannibal's army; that Augustus and Tiberius made it a point of duty to ornament it with several public buildings, witness the bridge which subsists

subsists at this day; that it remained faithful to its masters till the destruction of their empire; and lastly, that after having been successively under the dominion of the Exarchs of Ravenna, the Lombards, the Maletestas (an illustrious Italian family) it became tributary and subject to the sovereign Pontiffs. It is a pity that the sea has retired more than a mile from its walls, and that half of it is now uninhabited.—But what is there in all this that you did not know?

One thing is certain, that from my attachment to that place, I may still be considered as one of its inhabitants. It is natural to retain a tender regard for the country on which we have imprinted our first steps, and where we have passed years, the memory of which is always dear, because they are the prelude of life. I speak here of my infancy, which recalls the idea of what I then was, and what I am no more. Our life may be aptly compared to a book, of which the Preface is Infancy, and every leaf we turn, a day which passes, never to revisit our eyes. They, however, who retain any thing of it are recompensed for the rapidity which hurries us on, and ploughs our face with wrinkles, while we imagine

ourselves still in the bloom of youth. To the man who performs great actions, or lives many years, it is a book of several volumes, but no more than a flying sheet to him, who only vegetates or enjoys but a short duration here below.

My dear Doctor, with what pleasure do I make such reflections, while conversing with you, for you are a clear-sighted sage, and are perfectly acquainted with the nothingness of life, and the blessing of spending it in promoting the happiness of others and our own. It is the way to beguile time who takes a pleasure in making sport of us while he believes that he can obliterate every thing. It is glorious to perform Works that will last to Eternity, and over which Time has, consequently, no power.

I know not how our countryman's affair will end. I sincerely strive to serve him; but through the weakness of his head he mars all my labours. However, I excuse him, notwithstanding all his faults, for after all, is it in our own power to have fibres and organs proper for contributing to our happiness?

I thank you for sending a counterpart of yourself to St. Archangelo, to endeavour to cure the good and

and virtuous man, for whom we both deservedly retain so strong an attachment. You give me comfort, by informing me, that it is not a dropsy in the breast. He must observe a strict regimen if he recovers.

The foreigner, who is to bring me a book, has not yet appeared. He has, probably, stopped to take a view of all the towns which succeed one another on the road to Rome; and like so many antichambers, prepare for the entrance into a magnificent saloon. I shall receive him doubly well, both as he comes from you, and as he is a foreigner. But I could lay a wager before hand that he comes when I am in a hurry of business. That never fails to be the case; and it gives me the more pain, as then I have not leisure to bestow all the time I would upon a man who favours me with a visit, and it seems to have an air of ill will to the person I receive.

Be assured, my dear Doctor, that you are always present with me, and that my heart is continually repeating the sentiments I have vowed to you for life, and with which I am invariably your's, &c.

ROME, this 7th June, 1758.

LETTER

LETTER CLIV.

TO THE SAME.

I Should be extremely sorry if you was informed by any hand but my own, of my promotion to the Cardinalship; a thing so unheard of, and so little expected by me, that it requires all my presence of mind to be persuaded that it is not a dream.

I acknowledge now that you was not in the wrong when you reproached me for not attending to my studies;—I would thank you at present for what you did at that time, if it were an advantage to be raised to dignities which take us from ourselves, and place us against our inclinations in the midst of hurry and confusion.

What comforts me upon this occasion is, that Providence under whose shade I have both slept and waked has led me by the hand, and that there has not been any intrigue, or even the least desire of mine to attain that rank to which I have now been promoted

Notwithstanding

Notwithstanding all your sagacity, you could not have foreseen this metamorphosis. Though I am afraid it will unluckily be all in vain, I must now exert my utmost efforts not to rise to a level with those whom his Holiness has associated me, but to make myself worthy of their goodness. If I am not their Brother in point of merit, I will at least endeavour to become such by my solicitude to please them, and gain their good will.

How would my mother have been astonished if she had seen the extraordinary event which has now happened: she who was so averse from my entering into the Order of St. Francis! but she has submitted to that fate, to which we must all submit very soon, and of which I never lose sight, from a dread of becoming proud. Behold then I am a Cardinal; but what numbers of Cardinals are no more, whose names and persons sleep in the dust, and are forgotten!

Say something for me, and in such a way as you very well can, to our common friends. Assure them all, that if I can oblige them in any manner whatever, they will always find in me a heart filled with zeal for their interests, and cordially disposed to serve them at all times, and in all places: but

but for you in particular, my most dear Doctor, do not spare me, for you know how much Ganganelli has been attached to you, and ever your friend and servant.

Rome, 30th September, 1759.

LETTER CLV.

TO THE SAME.

MOST DEAR AND ILLUSTRIOUS DOCTOR.

INSTEAD of expressing to me the gratitude you think my due, for the alledged service I have done you, thank yourself for having procured me the happiest opportunity of giving you a proof of my friendship and esteem. My eminency never stands upon titles, and I think nothing a trouble when it is possible for me to do a favour, especially to a friend with whom I have been so long connected.

I entreat you not to imagine, that the affair in which you employed me, and which is happily concluded

concluded to your satisfaction, was a mountain difficult to be climbed. Unluckily I had only a few steps to take in order to succeed, for I could have wished it had cost me many more, that I might have testified to you all my zeal and affection. Notwithstanding my Cardinalship, your name has been of much more weight than mine, in obtaining the favour you desired. The town of Rimini would be too proud, were all the renown you deserve concentered within her walls; but that renown has overleaped her towers, and, notwithstanding all your efforts, flown to very distant regions: for the more abilities and virtue conceal and humble themselves, the more careful is fame to publish and make them known; hence it happens that no stranger comes to Rimini without waiting upon Doctor Bianchi, and bringing your name already pencilled in his pocket-book.

It is requisite that merit should be recompensed for the shafts aimed at it by calumny and envy; otherwise men would sink under the weight of their talents, and dread above all things to be possessed of them.

Providence has ordered things so wisely, as to compensate the bad with the good; and that a man

man of merit may not fall a prey to despair, or be swelled with pride, she puts him in a balance in which he is alternately elevated and depressed. We would grow too haughty, had we none but Panegyrists; and be too much humbled, did we meet only with Detractors. An equilibrium is necessary, which may keep us on the level of humanity against the influence of panegyric on the one hand, and satire on the other.

Eternal Wisdom, my dear Doctor, has displayed its power and benevolence in the disposition of the world; if at one time it presents to us the cup of bitterness, at another it gives us the most pleasing draught. Let us drink alternately in this double mysterious cup which is presented to us, and we shall avoid the dangers of unruly joy, and the attacks of excessive sorrow. Happy is the man whose soul is of a strong temper, and suffers not himself to be cast down by any misfortune.—The just man described by Horace raises envy, but that of the Gospel is the only pattern for imitation. Always uniformly happy, he never sees his repose disturbed either by reverse of fortune or calumny; because his existence is intimately united with the Divine Eternity.

Continue

Continue my dear Doctor, to procure me opportunities of testifying that tender and pure friendship which I have always entertained for you, and which fills me with joy when I can say that I am your servant and friend.

ROME, this 15th Sept. 1768.

LETTER CLVI.

TO THE REV. F. SBARAGLIA,

Perpetual Assistant Provincial of the Minor Conventuals at Bologna.

REVEREND FATHER,

I Think myself greatly honoured when I find that you have not forgot me, and have thought a person, so little deserving as I am, worthy of receiving that excellent work with which you have favoured me. It was expected in this city with the greatest impatience. This is so true, that one of our most eminent Literati was so anxious to devour it, that he left it only twenty-four hours in my possession.

The

The success which it infallibly must have will certainly engage you to produce some other works still more useful, and of greater size. I expect some time or other to present you in exchange, as soon as I can find time, *si otiari licuerit*, a production of my pen, which endeavours to discover the true sense of St. Augustine, in those three books where he treats of *Correction, Grace, the Predestination of Saints, and the Gift of Perseverance.* I attempt to discover the meaning of the Holy Teacher on Matters of Grace.

If the success answers our wishes, *si votis cuncta responderint*, I flatter myself with the hope that my remarks upon so important a subject may be useful. This is a secret with which I entrust you, and wish you to preserve inviolable.

Assist me, I pray you, with your knowledge and opinions, that I may treat a subject of such consequence with truth and advantage: and allow me, while I kiss your hands, most humbly to repeat the sentiments of attachment, esteem and respect with which I am, &c.

Rome, 1st June, 1742.

LETTER

LETTER CLVII.

TO THE SAME.

REVEREND FATHER,

I AM obliged to own my want of merit, both to cure you of the too favourable opinion you entertain of me, and to excuse myself from undertaking the task you prescribe to me.—I am not afraid of the trouble, but I ought to be endowed with the capacity necessary to compose a work which could bear to be examined by the rules of reason and sound criticism.

If I lent my pen to the desire of Cardinal Cibo, it was upon a subject easy to be treated, where oratory and taste were not required. I always read the best books, and study, without relaxation, the Chronological History of the Church as one of the best supports of Religion.

I could wish it were in my power not to embroil myself with Aristotle, and especially with Scotus, because

because of our old acquaintance and brotherhood; but I am obliged to leave them every moment, in order to take a surer and straighter course. The present age has no relish for those pointed subtilties: we now require substance and truths, not distinctions and words. And why have recourse to artificial phraseology, in order to say plain things, and not express myself as clearly while I philosophize, as when I assure you of the high esteem with which I am sincerely, &c.

ROME, 2nd July, 1742.

LETTER CLVIII.

TO THE ABBÉ ***.

SINCE you ask my opinion, my dear Abbé, of the discourse which you sent me, I must tell you, that I think there is too much of the Rhetorician, and a want of that sort of eloquence which should be employed in speaking of the rulers of the earth. We should endeavour to raise our thoughts as high as

as they are by their dignities, and to produce such noble strokes of eloquence from the bosom of Religion herself, as may make them appear the images of the living God.

You have the finest of all subjects. The respect and obedience which is due to Kings, derive their source from the Almighty, who desires that we should honour those who are clothed with his authority. Besides, what will the heart not express when it is employed in praising our fathers, our masters, and our protectors! The existence of the people is but very imperfect, when it is not closely united with that of the Princes by whom they are governed. It then becomes compleat, and gives us a picture of the harmony of Heaven, which scatters joy and gladness all around.

I am satisfied with that part which displays the horrors of Anarchy, and shews that there is no exigency, no circumstance, no time nor occasion when it can be lawful to rebel against authority.

That obedience which is due to Kings and their Vicegerents, is essentially connected with that which we owe to God, and the more we are Christians, the more we respect Royalty.

Tertullian,

Tertullian, in his Apology for Christianity, paints the Faithful in his time, as subjects who were the most attached to their Princes, the most attentive in praying for them, and the most exact in paying their taxes. Jesus Christ puts the submission which is due to Kings, on a level with what is due to the Deity. *Give to God the things which are God's, and give unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.*——There is no excuse, no pretence, no reason for refusing. I own to you, I was melted when I read that part where you say, "That it was "never more pleasing to obey Kings than in these "happy times, when they declared their purposes "without reserve, and are employed in seeking the "happiness of their subjects."

Certainly you know better than any one how to handle such a subject, since you live immediately under the eye of a Monarch [*Don Carlos, at that time King of Naples, and now King of Spain,*] who, by his love of order, clemency and justice, makes all the Virtues reign with him. As you very well express it, Naples has less reason to rejoice in the beauties which the soil and climate have lavished upon her most abundantly, than in a reign which is equally just and mild. I would here finish my

discourse, for what follows is superfluous. It is of importance to the Orator as well as the Poet, to know, when to stop properly. The panegyric of Trajan, beautiful as it is, has always seemed to me to be too long. There is even a certain degree of satiety in the finest things, which should engage us to be moderate in our manner of writing, or in our discourses, when we employ the charms of eloquence and the flights of genius. A parterre is always of less extent than a garden; the flowers are more pleasing to the eye when they are in a small quantity. The sky, although enriched with an infinite number of stars, presents to our view but a fixed number. The best Preachers tire us when they surpass the bounds of a discourse.

Eloquence is no longer of force than while it expresses the heat and strength of the fire with which it is animated. I have heard it objected to our illuminations, as well as our most beautiful fireworks, they last too long. That sentiment which is the effect of admiration, and which suspends the activity of the soul and the senses, is always but of short duration, and you may depend upon it, that the audience will be but little affected when it is over.

There

There was one of our Reverend Fathers at Bologna, who, though one of the most eloquent of men, was never more than half an hour in the Pulpit, but it was said of him, that he appeared there only to thunder and lighten. When he described the horrors of a life of sin, he gave the most masterly picture of a tempest; and painted the most beautiful sky, when he displayed the beauties of virtue.

You will find my remarks upon your Discourse at the end. If you are not satisfied with them, you will at least be so with the sentiments wherewith I am for life,

Your's, &c.

ROME, 7th Nov. 1752.

LETTER CLIX.

TO THE DUKE DE MATTALONE CARAFFA.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS LORD,

I Have this moment received from Paris the books sent to you with those I commissioned. I am charmed with this opporsunity of renewing the pleasure I had in paying you my respects, when you

you passed through this capital on your return from France. I then admired you as a Nobleman, who by a happy union of the Neapolitan genius with French politeness, formed one of the most interesting and desirable characters.

Your dear brother Dom. Diomede is well, and the Clementine College has given the most ample testimony of his application and good behaviour. He does not forget, that by his birth he is connected with the house of Colonna, and by alliance with that of Borghese, and that he ought consequently to take double pains to support such great advantages with splendor.

I will bear witness to whoever will listen to me, that the books directed to you from Paris, are neither profane nor trifling; and that as we ought to judge well of a man who loves good works, it is impossible not to entertain the most favourable opinion of you.

For my part, it would be impossible to carry farther the respect and esteem with which I have the honour to be,

Most illustrious Lord, &c.

Convent of the Holy Apostles,
This 16th June, 1753.

LETTER CLX.

TO THE SAME.

NONE of the books which were directed for you have been detained at the Custom-House. Besides that, they were not liable to be stopped, I would have claimed them, and my remonstrances as Consultor of the Holy Office, would not have been without effect.

I wish with all my heart that you may edify the world, as much as you can please them, and that you will add to the honour of the great men of your House and your Country, that of resembling them. The public have a right to call upon you to tread in their steps. Men of high rank have engagements which they cannot dispense from performing, without failing in their duty to their Country, to Posterity, and more especially to Religion, that has a right to require great examples from those whose names impress the world with ideas of respect and deference.

When

When we are excited by motives of Religion and Humanity we do wonders; we tear ourselves from the arms of effeminacy and fly to the bosom of true greatness. If you think I forget myself in presuming to give you a hint of this moral, I instantly withdraw and say, that I am, with all possible respect,

My Lord Duke,

Your most humble, &c.

Rome, 26th August, 1753.

LETTER CLXI.

TO THE ABBÉ RUGGIERI.

THE moment is at hand to answer, with regard to the affair which we begun, and now draws towards a conclusion. We may be allowed to doubt what will be the decision of the Deputies, especially as Friar Laurent * knows perfectly what a council of several members seems to promise.

* He speaks here of himself.

A German, flattered with the hopes of gaining a cause depending before the Tribunal of Milan, from the good will testified to him by each of the Judges in private, exclaimed bluntly on hearing sentence given against him *senatores boni viri, sed senatus mala bestia.* The Senators are good men, but the Senate is a mischievous beast. Regulate yourself by this, and command me whatever you please.

Convent of the Holy Apostles,
10th of the Year, 1759.

LETTER CLXII.

TO THE SAME.

IF I tire you I am still more tired myself. For Heaven's sake, my dear Abbé Ruggieri, do not let to-morrow pass over your head without procuring the Order of the Propaganda for the four hundred and fifty crowns, which are wanted. Remember, that word was sent to Urbino, that the money was ready whenever payment was desired.

I would

I would not wish to make a sorry figure in the eyes of some people who have tongues a yard long, and plaguy sharp teeth.

I was not willing to receive the bill, which I expect before the expiration of the time; let me have it at least the day after it falls due.

I am, your friend and servant,

F. LAURENT.

27th March, 1759, beginning of the Night.

LETTER CLXIII.

TO THE REV. FATHER D***.

I Whisper in your ear that I have been just named Cardinal. Endeavour to slip into my cell without being seen. I have need of your presence to console me; I have the greatest antipathy to honours: and I have suffered the greatest injury under the notion of the greatest honour. Besides that, I have no qualities answerable to the eminent virtues of the men, whose brother I am now to be, and

and I shall die insolvent on that article; I see my repose take wing and fly from me with rapidity. Adieu, I expect you this morning at eleven.

P. S. What comforts me is, that the news of my promotion surprized me as much as it will do Rome. Once more come and console me: your great Colleague, who in truth has nothing great about him, except his six feet of stature, will not fail to exclaim, *That is impossible!* He will run with all speed to * * * * in order to inform them of the news, but they are of those curious persons who are never informed of any thing.

LETTER CLXIV.

TO THE REV. F. EDMONDE REIN,

Professed Monk of the Order of Cistertians at Ebrac, and Present Ecclesiastical Counsellor of Fulda, and Majistrate of Ebrac.

MY DEAREST SIR,

I Received in due course, and while I was in the country, the letter which you did me the favour of writing

writing to me, the 12th of last September, in which you so affectingly assure me of the continuance of your friendship: I beg you will depend upon the sincerest return from me, and of the zeal with which I should be happy to give you the most convincing proofs. I am exceedingly glad to find that you are going to give the lye to the old proverb, which says, *pro toto mundo, Romam non ibo secundo,* * since the affair of * * * * * * will very soon procure us the pleasure of seeing you here. When that happens, my joy will be boundless, and I shall have an opportunity of acknowledging all the services which you have done me. As you have great interest in your Order, your presence here will have the best effect.

Tell me exactly when I may hope for the happiness of embracing you? Assure N. N. of my sincere regard. I love to persuade myself that the prince received my letter of thanks, which was written in May. Let the belief sink into your mind and heart, that I am irrevocably, for the whole of my life, with the most sincere and most tender friendship, your affectionate, &c.

Rome, 12th October, 1759.

* For all the money in the world, I would not return to Rome.

LETTER

LETTER CLXV.

TO THE SAME.

DEAREST SIR,

IT is really a misfortune to me, who would wish to see you constantly here, to find you so closely attached to the interests of the Abbay d'Ebrac. Could not the business of your house be trusted to some other of your Monks? Alas! no: your talents, your genius, your integrity are so well known there, that I am even provoked at the merit which keeps you at such a distance from us. Is it not even going to lead you to France, and deprive us of the happiness of seeing you this year, as I hoped?

I wish you the happiest journey, and the most flourishing health, and the greatest success; when a man labours for his Order, he labours for himself; a powerful motive which requires all your cares, and engages me to prove to you more than ever all the affection, with which I am most sincerely, &c.

LETTER

LETTER CLXVI

TO THE SAME.

BEHOLD I serve you according to your wishes: I send you permission to read and keep the prohibited books in as extensive a manner as you desire.

Cardinal Galli means to please your Order, by giving to all the Monks, who desire it, leave to embrace a more austere rule; he also thinks of contributing to the improvement of the person in question, by procuring an opportunity for his leading a life of mortification, and reforming his wicked thoughts. I repeat his own words.

If I can be of any other use to you, in whatever concerns the affairs of your Order, employ me without hesitation, as I am at all times, and with all my soul,

Your most affectionate servant,

Rome, 14th of May, 1761.

LETTER CLXVII.

TO THE SAME.

THE three letters, which you did me the pleasure of writing to me, during the course of the month of December last, all came to hand as you desired. I delayed answering your two first, till I should take measures to give you certain news of * * * * concerning whom you enquired; and I was going to write to you when I received your third letter, filled with expressions of the greatest friendship, and wishes for my preservation. Receive not all my thanks, but all those I can write here; these would be too many. Be firmly persuaded that the friendship I have vowed to you knows no bounds, and that I should esteem myself the happiest of mankind, could I give you proofs of it.—Come to Rome then, that I may have the satisfaction of embracing you, and repeating to you, again and again, with what sincerity I am, to the grave inclusively, your affectionate servant.

ROME, this 15th Jan. 1762.

LETTER

LETTER CLXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAREST SIR,

THE Letter which you did me the favour to write to me the 28th last February, gave me a great deal of pleasure. I was very uneasy at that time about the state of your health, and I went so far as to suspect that you had forgotten me, without being able to assign a reason for it; but at last I am happily undeceived.

There is a saying of Seneca's which may be applied to your situation with great propriety: *Cum celeritate temporis utendum, velocitate certandum est* *. The use which you have made of * * * * * the moments that you have seen * * * * * all declare your good sense and abilities, and that nobody knows better than you how to do things in their proper season.

The conclusion of this letter shall be like the beginning, full of the consideration and attachment, with which I am, &c

ROME, 14th March, 1768.

* When time presses, we must run with speed.

LETTER

LETTER CLXIX.

TO THE SAME.

DEAREST SIR,

ACCORDING to your desire, I send you the most ample permission for the two Friars you mention to read the prohibited works. I have taken no step to procure it for brother Arnold Fahkner, because it is not usually granted to those who are not employed where it is requisite, or have not an attestation from the Ordinary.

I return you a thousand thanks for the *indications* you give me. I entreat you to continue that favour, and direct to me to the care of the Abbé Scioderon.

ROME, 3rd March, 1764.

LETTER

LETTER CLXX.

TO THE SAME.

HAVING had some business of importance with his Holiness, he very warmly enquired after you; and when I informed him of your intention of being in Rome in the month of September, if the Reverend Father Abbé would give you leave, he smiling replied, *We know that.*

I will be very attentive to get information of the arrival of the dear Baron, that I may give him every possible proof of my esteem. As to the Canonry of * * * * I refer you to the letters which I have already written to you upon that subject; so that what you owe to me in point of friendship, you will repay to my heart, which repeats to you with the greatest pleasure, &c.

ROME, 4th May, 1764.

LETTER

LETTER CLXXI.

TO THE SAME.

THE wishes you formed in my favour on the renewal of the year, call forth the justest gratitude and most lively sensibility. It is impossible that they can be more ardent or extensive than the vows I address to Heaven for every thing that can be profitable to you in this world and that to come. I entreat you to revive me in the precious memory of your amiable Canons. It is impossible for me to express with how much friendship I shall always be your affectionate servant.

ROME, this 18th Feb. 1765.

LETTER CLXXII.

TO THE SAME.

YOUR last letter so rejoiced and comforted me, that I was quite delighted with receiving such valuable

luable proofs of your friendship, which were the more flattering to me, as I deserved them the less, and I communicated my satisfaction to several of our friends.

Though I delayed to answer you, I have never lost sight of that attachment which has united us for a number of years, and nothing but business and the duties of my office has prevented me from giving you constant assurances; for neither time nor distance can in the smallest degree alter the sentiments which I owe to you.

I likewise remember you at the altar in the presence of Him who ought to be the origin and the bond of all true friendships; so that if you are distant from my sight, you are by no means absent from my heart. It will be a sincere joy to my soul when I have the pleasure of seeing you, hearing you, and embracing you.

Who knows * * * * *non est abbreviata manus Domini*; the arm of the Lord is not shortened.

I am rejoiced to hear that you are pleased with your new dignity at Ebrac, but for my own satisfaction I wish to know what are its duties and privileges.

I received

I received your letter which came by the way of Naples. Adieu, my dear Edmund; preserve me in your remembrance; love me as I love you, and never cease to recommend me in your prayers and holy sacrifices to God. It is the best and surest way to prove the sincerity of your friendship, and to excite in me that gratitude and affection with which I am, &c.

ROME, 11th October, 1765.

LETTER CLXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

I Have just received your valuable letter of the 29th current, and presume that you have at this instant in your hands, one from the Cardinal Secretary of State, to whom I gave notice of your departure for Rome, notwithstanding the approaching rigours of winter. If our dear friend the Abbé Balbey, to whom I send my affectionate compliments, be not confined to his Church by his duty as

as Canon, you could do nothing better than to take him for the companion of your journey. It would then give us pleasure to repeat with one voice the old Proverb, that *though mountains never meet, men may.*

I make it before hand a real pleasure and true happiness to embrace you a third time at Rome. Your journey cannot fail of being attended with the utmost success if my prayers are heard.

The Holy Father is at present at his country-house of Castlegandolfo; and this season stops the course of our different affairs, but the case is not thus with my friendship for you, which nothing can interrupt, and equals the esteem with which I am, from my whole soul, your affectionate servant.

Rome, 14th October, 1766.

LETTER

LETTER CLXXIV.

TO THE REV. F. ***, AT MILAN.

REVERENDFATHER,

I Believe that I have done away all the prejudices which Cardinal **** had against you. One thing certain is, that I pleaded your cause with more zeal than if it had been my own. He will write into Spain in your favour, and I have no doubt but the Spaniards, whose magnanimity is equal to their justice, will grant you whatever you have a right to demand. You should be very careful in choosing a proper time to make your application, for it frequently happens, that we are refused only because we have not waited the favourable moment.

The time that you must stay at Milan will procure an opportunity for your seeing very fine things, which pleased me much at the time I lived there. It is a city where the inhabitants live free and chearful

chearful, because they live under the government of a Sovereign, who is incessantly employed for the good of his subjects, and who does not think himself happy but in proportion as they are contented.

I advise you to wait upon his minister, Count Firmian, who by his knowledge and virtue, does honour at the same time to Religion, Learning, and Humanity.

Tell our good Father the Barnabite from me, that he shall have leave to come immediately to Rome, and that I shall be very glad to see him, provided (but that is between ourselves) that he is more laconic in his conversation than he is in his Letters. He thinks that he is obliged to pay me compliments till he is out of breath; to me two who have no claim to compliments, and who never desire that any should be made to me.

You surely will not neglect to go and see the Church where St. Augustine received the seal of Christianity. It is a place where I frequently poured forth my soul, in praying to God, that he would bestow upon me a small spark of that Heavenly fire which consumed that great Teacher, and

which

a compass, into the hand of a Spaniard, said Cardinal Portocarréro, who honoured me with his favour, *and I answer his head will serve him well when it is time to execute.*

Appoint me your agent for all your affairs and commissions; I accept that employment, but on condition that I be comprehended in your prayers, and that you remember before the Lord the poor Ganganelli, who so sincerely loves you. Endeavour to revive learning among your brethren: inspire them with horror against ambition, by filling them with emulation.

I love to see my Order flourish in learning and virtue, as to it I owe every thing, and never can forget it. I have seen some of its members, before whom I am confounded and humbled, and who bore with me in the kindest manner, at a time when I laboured under the greatest imperfections. I bear their images in my heart, from which nothing can ever obliterate them.

Assure all those who yet remember me, that except my hat, I am exactly what I was, still equally plain, equally chearful.

I shall take care of the execution of the commission you received to F. Pacciandi, (a Theatin) with

with whose merit I have long been acquainted. He possesses in common with many of his brethren, a fund of learning equally useful and agreeable; and which has gained him the esteem of several Sovereigns.

I shall remember you to R. F. Jacquier, who at once does the honour to the Order of Minims, to France, and to Italy, as I do honour to myself, when I assure you of all the esteem with which I am,

Your affectionate, &c.

Convent of the Holy Apostles,
31st May, 1768.

LETTER CLXXVI.

TO THE SUPERIOR OF A COMMUNITY AT PARIS.

REVEREND FATHER,

YOU could not have addressed yourself to a man who is more sincerely a friend to religious Orders than I am, but I imagine that the commission

sion which you seem to dread, and which you so earnestly complain of, is only intended to reform abuses, which you yourself certainly lament, and which are inseparable from human nature.

The most sacred Societies, like the springs of machines the most skilfully contrived, relax imperceptibly. It is inseparable from humanity; which ought to fill us with the justest ideas of our own weakness, and the highest idea of the Divinity.

It would be of very bad consequence to overturn the fundamental laws of the Religious Orders, *quod Deus avertat* * ! Let Malice say what it will, they are a rampart to oppose the torrent of vice and errors, but you must trust in him who supports the edifices erected upon Charity, and in the august House of Bourbon always the protectors of the faithful, and by so many titles deserving those of the *most Christian Majesty, and most Catholic Majesty.* We cannot read the History of the Church without admiring that steady zeal which has always been active in the cause of Religion.

* Which God forbid.

I am

I am not at all surprised at the open protection given you by the Archbishop of Paris. He is sensible of the good you do in his diocese, and it is worthy of his eminent piety. I hope you will deserve his goodness more and more, by never ceasing to instruct and edify, and reforming in yourselves whatever can expose you to the reproaches of those who are ill disposed. The Holy Father, whose zeal is well known to the whole Church, watches over your interests, and he told me in the last conversation I had with him about your affairs, that he would be your protector with these Princes, in case they propose to dissolve the different institutions. Besides, I cannot persuade myself that the Bishops who employ you and know your merits, would endeavour, for the sake of your salaries, to oppress and humble you. If I do not write to those Bishops whom you mention, it is because their known regard for Religion is a security with me that they will not injure the religious Orders; if they had room to complain of you I am convinced that you would employ every effort to regain their good will, that they might once more receive you into favour.

I pray the Lord, that matters may be settled, and that the Clergy of France, both regular and secular, who have always been celebrated for their zeal, may unite in their labours to edify the Faithful, and confound Unbelievers. Good example is the best argument which can be offered against those who attack Religion.

I beg you will be persuaded, that I am, with all sincerity of heart, and the greatest desire of seeing you in peace and happiness, my Reverend Father, your affectionate servant,

F. LAURENT CARD. GANGANELLI.

ROME, this 20th of the Year, 1769.

LETTER CLXXVII.

TO THE REV. F***.

SINCE it is into my heart you desire to pour your griefs, I will tell you, with the greatest cordiality, my dear friend and brother, that it depends only on yourself to lessen them. Perhaps your Father Guardian has infused a little bitterness

ness into the admonitions he has given you; but notwithstanding he may be in the right. When a man has the rule on his side, he is very strong, and you cannot mistake it in the reproaches he has made to you.

You did not make a vow to be a Musician, but to be a Friar; and though Music be, in itself, a very innocent amusement, and expresses to us that perfect harmony, which reigns upon earth and in Heaven, it becomes hurtful when it takes up the time destined for reading and prayer.

I could, with very ill grace, exclaim against Music, having formerly applied myself to touch the organ, in which I had the more pleasure, as that admirable instrument is consecrated to the praises of the Lord, and never employed in profane concerts; but I submitted to the rule and to reason.

I conjure you then, my dear friend, to bestow upon Music only the time alloted to recreation, and not to have your soul continually at your fingers ends. I shall write to your Father Guardian to restore you his friendship, when I receive a letter from you, assuring me that you will be a Musician only at intervals, and with moderation.

Piety calls you, the Sciences invite you to something greater; and my heart, in which you live as much as in yourself, engages you to follow my advice.

Come, my dear friend, let us take courage. Silence, concord, obedience, form the best harmony that a Christian, especially a Monk, can desire. I tenderly embrace you, sorry that I have it not in my power to whisper you how near an interest I take in every thing that concerns you, and how much I am your affectionate servant.

Convent of the Holy Apostles,
This 9th April, 1744.

LETTER CLXXVIII.

TO THE REV. FATHER S***

REVEREND FATHER,

THIS very day when I am going to set out from Albano, and you are about to leave Rome, I am so sincerely attached to you, that I must repeat my sentiments of esteem and respect.

Going

Going this morning to the Church of the Rev. Fathers of Reformists in a travelling dress, without any intention of being seen, his Holiness observed me, and calling me to him, he condescended to hold a long half-hour's conversation with me in the vestry. The subject of our discourse turned solely upon our Reverend Father General (Father Jean-Baptiste Costanzo) for whom I have obtained the favour which he desired. You cannot conceive the effusions of heart, with which the Pope declared his esteem and attachment to that worthy and most respectable Friar.

I take the first moment to acquaint him of this, for his own satisfaction, and to confirm us more and more in the opinion, that our suffrages, and the suffrages of our friends, could not have been dedicated to a more deserving subject.

May Heaven grant that your journey may be fortunate, and that it may not make you forget, that I shall remain to my latest breath as I always have been filled with respect for your commands and attachment to your person, &c.

Albano, 15th June, 1759.

LETTER

LETTER CLXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

REVEREND FATHER,

I Have, in some measure, conformed to your desires, relative to the R. F. Mr. Constanzo, touching the affair in agitation, and I have spoken to the Count de Riviera's Secretary, that he may be fully informed of that Reverend Father's eminent virtues, in order afterwards to set him in a proper light to his Majesty. I shall stop here, especially as it is only owing to your solicitation that I have acted in this affair, being willing to shew you that I am far from throwing any obstacle in the way of the R. F. Costanzo's promotion, in case God calls him to the government of any Church.

Yet I could not with pleasure see that venerable Monk quit the Order, nor even the town of Assise, where he lives contented, and enjoys the esteem of all who are blest with his company.

My

My way of thinking is exactly conformable to his own; for I know certainly, that, far from being ambitious of any dignity, he would willingly make a vow not to accept any.

You may judge by the secret I now reveal to you, of my real attachment to that worthy Monk, and how sincerely I am inclined to oblige you in whatevever shall depend upon me, and prove to you all the tenderness with which I am sincerely your affectionate

CARDINAL GANGANELLI.

Rome, this 28th March, 1761.

LETTER CLXXX.

TO THE CHEVALIER ***

SIR,

I Am as sincerely grieved at the misfortunes you lament, as yourself;—you will find the true means of forgetting them in having recourse to Religion. Whatever the enemies of Religion may say, they will

will never be able to deprive her of the invaluable power of quelling vexations, inspiring hopes, and restoring peace and tranquility to the human mind.

The conduct of your brother-in-law is most lamentable, but you must forgive him because you are a Christian. I am in hopes that you will be able to restore him to himself, by loading him with kindness; *Caritas omnia suffert . . . . non irritatur* *.

I beg you will once more repeat my most ample thanks to your dear cousin, for the excellent snuff with which he indulged me. He has taken me by the nose, after having hold of my heart, so that I am entirely his. I cannot help wondering to see a man of his fortune, and at his time of life, able to live the life of a Carthusian, in the midst of a noisy house and tumultuous city.

You was certainly wrong in not speaking in time to the Abbè de Veri (*Auditor of Rota*) about that piece of business. We had three very powerful friends with him, who certainly would have served you much to the purpose; his good sense, his integrity, and his zeal to oblige; as you have three

* Charity endures every thing, and is not provoked.

titles

titles in me to make me ever devoted to you, Esteem, Gratitude, and Friendship, with which I am, with my whole heart,

Your most affectionate Servant,

THE CARDINAL GANGANELLI.

ROME, 5th July, 1768.

LETTER CLXXXI.

TO M ****.

SIR,

NOBODY is more ready than I to excuse the faults of his neighbours; but in my opinion an eagerness to hear confessions is a very great one. The man who knows how awful are the functions of the ministry, will never seek to intrude into them. F **** may be as good a Monk as you please, but he is too fond of directing consciences, not to be actuated by some human motive. A worthy priest takes upon him with trembling the care of guiding souls. By this characteristic, are the true Ministers of the Gospel distinguished.

I have yet read only a third of the book you transmitted. I could wish that the author had distinguished Philosophy from the abuses by which it has been disfigured.

As it is the love of wisdom, it must necessarily do honour to reason and humanity; and we would have perceived it more than ever in the present age, which really abounds in light and discoveries, had it not been unhappily abused. Thus, it is not Philosophy herself, but the abuse of Philosophy, which ought to be attacked. The real Philosopher adores God, honours the worship which he has prescribed, and acknowledges, with a celebrated writer of our own times, *that the Gospel is the noblest gift God has bestowed upon mankind.*

Without Philosophy, I mean without that science which combines, analyzes and reasons, there are neither principles nor conclusions, good works, nor good legislation. The Pagans were not guilty because they were Philosophers, but, as St. Paul tells us, because *having known God, they honoured him not as God.*

Philosophy is the basis of true Religion, Faith being supported by Reason. Thus am I fully persuaded that the name of Philosophers, unless in derision,

derision, is very improperly applied to those who dare to attack Christianity, that it is the divine light which renders man what he ought to be, and without which we are only an abyss of pride and wickedness.

The picture of the Annunciation cannot be finished before the end of three months, but by what I have seen of it, it will be worthy of your expectation, and of the artist who paints it.

I reckon upon seeing our Holy Father on Thursday, and he shall know what you desire him to be informed of. I wish you a happy festival, and assure you that it is one to me, when I can tell you with what esteem and attachment I am, &c.

Rome, 19th December, 1757.

LETTER CLXXXII.

Written, during his Illness, to a Friar who was one of his Friends.

I AM truly very ill, but what comforts me is that it is not of my own seeking, for I always thought that every man should be careful of his health.

Ignoran

Ignorant devotion will not agree in this truth; however there is no doubt, that by destroying the springs of life, we put it out of our power to discharge our duties; that is to say, not to be able to go to Mass when we ought to go, not to observe the abstinence ordained by the Church, by having made supererogatory fasts to follow an indiscreet zeal.

Sickness, when it is not an effect produced by some excess, but is sent directly from God, is the most proper penitence to expiate our sins and errors. It scatters a wholesome bitterness over the pleasures of this life; it shades the objects which seem to dazzle us; it insensibly detaches us from whatever is mortal, and makes us quite familiar with death.

I have never been so sensible of my own insignificance, as since the beginning of my illness; I have seen that my body is only an edifice which tumbles to pieces when least expected. Sometimes my disorder is acute, and sometimes it seems to sleep, but it is only to wake with double violence.

Man, from the moment of his birth, becomes exposed to all kinds of infirmities and accidents, and may look upon every thing around him as the

the immediate cause of his ruin. The soul should recover what the appetites lose. When the body becomes weak; the soul should seem to leave it to be united more closely with God, which is the only means of rising superior to pains and sufferings, for all possible happiness is to be found in God.

The severest disorder is but slight to a Christian Philosopher, who employs himself only in Heavenly matters. If the Stoics suffered with constancy, who had no motive to influence them but ridiculous vanity, what a reproach for Christians, who should be always upon Mount Calvary with their Chief, to sink under the violence of distempers of the body. But alas! it is easy to preach fine precepts, and we are frequently only intrepid in speculation. I say this only with regard to myself, who, after having mentioned those things which are the most capable of supporting me, attend much more than I ought to my sufferings. However, the more they are severe, the more ought I to look towards Heaven—the only place where there is neither pain nor sorrow.

It will give me pleasure to see you as soon as you can, I wish that my desires were wings to

transport

transport you hither, you would be here this moment. I have something to say to you, relative to my situation, which cannot be written. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

YOUR correspondent is now reduced to a perfect skeleton, and employing his emaciated fingers in writing to you. Had I viewed only the glory of this world, I would have said to Death, when he presented to me the cup of bitterness, let that cup pass from me, *transeat a me iste calix*. But happily my thoughts were entirely taken up with Heaven, and I exclaimed to myself, how brilliant and how pleasing is this cup, *quam præclarus est!*

It is certain that in the eyes of faith there is no greater blessing than to unite ourselves to Death, before he strikes the last blow. Since I feel him within me, and draw him in with my breath, he seems disarmed of his terrors, and while my days diminish, they become more valuable, by bringing me nearer to eternity.

Here

Here the violence of my pains obliges me to lay down my pen,—I know not when, or if ever, I shall resume it.

A moment's ease, after seven days and nights of continual torment, puts the pen again into my hand. One thing comforts me, that by a peculiar favour of Heaven, my mind acquires strength as my body decays, and there is only one thing that gives me real affliction—I have not done all the good I ought to have done, for which reason I earnestly intreat you to pray to God, that he would pardon me, and deign to accept my small remains of life, as an expiation for my sins.

Had I any intervals of tranquility, for I am not always master of my faculties, I would write to all the Faithful as their Father and Pastor, recommending to them before my death, peace and charity the distinguishing mark of Christians.

There is another duty too which I would gladly fulfill to the religious Order which tolerated me in her bosom for the space of thirty-six years; I would willingly return her thanks, by a public act, for the charity with which she bore with my imperfections.

I die

I die as I lived with gratitude to all who have done me service, and always your friend.—Forget me in the sight of men, before whom I shall soon be only a portion of dust, but remember me before God, in whom I have rested all my hope, that I may not be covered with confusion in eternity.

It has been his will to shew me, in a dreadful manner, the nothingness of grandeur, ever while I was surrounded with it, by mixing for me a cup of gall and wormwood.—Blessed be his name; nothing can be a greater happiness to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, than to die on Mount Calvary, like that divine Saviour.

If I have not the consolation of seeing you, I shall expect you in eternity, where I hope we shall enjoy the invaluable blessing of meeting again in God, who will then be our universe, our element, and our life.

This 26th of August, 1774.

OTHER

OTHER LETTERS

IN FORM OF

BRIEFS,

Addressed to different People.

OTHER

LETTERS, &c.

LETTER CLXXXIV.

TO THE REV. F. PISCHAULT,

General of the Regular Canons of the Order of the Holy Trinity, (called Mathurins.)

DEAR SON,

IT is with much pleasure that we have received the letter in which you congratulate us upon our elevation, notwithstanding our weakness and our unworthiness. You have testified to us that joy, of which you were sensible, although we were persuaded of it before-hand from the old attachment we have had to you and all your Order. Our satisfaction is the greater, that you give us the most pleasing testimony of your truly filial confidence, and of all the Friars of the Order of whom you are the Chief.

We

We beg you will not doubt of our fulfilling your expectations, and having constantly at heart the sincerest desire to promote your interest and advantage. Our dear Son, your Attorney General will tell you farther. In the mean time, you may be persuaded, that we shall always be ready to step forward in whatever concerns you, so that you shall have no room to complain of our inactivity or indifference, when there is an opportunity of obliging you.

We beg to return the assistance of your prayers to God, that he may grant us his grace, and that we may be enabled to support the heavy burthen which has been laid upon us with courage.

It is with an overflowing heart that we give you and all of your Order, our Apostolical Benediction.

Given at Rome the 19th July, 1769, and the first Year of our Pontificate.

LETTER

LETTER CLXXXV.

TO MR. BARON,

Secretary to the Academy of Amiens, who had sent his Holiness the Anagram of his Name.

DEAR SON,

WE have received at the same time the proofs of your filial affection, which assures us of the joy you felt at our exaltation, and the ingenious anagram of our name, which has given us a sensible pleasure.

In testimony of our gratitude and paternal affection, receive our Apostolical Benediction as the pledge of all the happiness we wish you.

ROME, 9th Aug. 1769, and first Year of our Pontificate.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

TO THE ABBESS AND NUNS

Of the Monastry of St. Claire de Moulins, in the Diocese of Autun.

DEAR DAUGHTERS,

WE have learnt with gratitude, that notwithstanding our incapacity, our elevation to the sovereign Pontificate has been matter of the greatest satisfaction to you, and the rather that our Order has thereby attained a new lustre. In consequence of which we are inclined, in spite of the important business with which we are beset, to give you by this letter no equivocal proof of our good will, in the hopes that it will excite your charity, and engage you frequently to recommend us in your prayers to God. The piety of your lives gives us an assurance of the success of your prayers in the sight of the Lord who hath distributed to you his riches most abundantly.

As

As we are informed that you have the Canonization of our dear Daughter in Jesus Christ, the blessed Colette, Reformatrix of your Order, and the Beatification of the venerable Agnes, greatly at heart, we will endeavour to second your wishes, without deviating from the rules in such cases prescribed.

In the mean time we give you in the fullness of our heart our Apostolical Benediction.

Given at Rome, St. Mary Major, the 7th March, 1770, and the first Year of our Pontificate.

LETTER CLXXXVII.

TO THE

REV. FATHER CHASTENET DE PUISEGUR,

General of the Order of the Christian Doctrine.

DEAR SON,

OUR paternal affection for you and your congregation, prompts us to take every part possible in your being a second time elected. In acknowledgement of your duty, and attachment to us and the

the Apostolic See, we assure you, that we shall always interest ourselves in the highest degree in whatever concerns you. You have a sure pledge of what we now say to you, in the person of our dear son Valentin, a Priest of your congregation, of whose merit we are fully sensible, and with whose conversation we are singularly delighted. He has long given proofs of his great zeal for you and your congregation. We shall therefore let him know in the course of the business he is to be employed in, how much we have your advantage at heart, and how great a regard we entertain both for you and for him. The cause of the venerable servant of God, Cæsar du Bus, your founder, which he is to manage conformably to a decree of your general Chapter, will afford us the happy opportunity of granting him the marks of a good will, similar to that with which he was honoured by our wise predecessor Benedict XIV. of blessed memory, especially as we most ardently desire to second your enterprizes, which tend only to the honour of your congregation, to give new splendor to divine worship, and to have in the midst of you, a model of the virtues you may imitate. To assure

you of our entire inclination to oblige you, we grant you, dear son, with all possible tenderness, our Apostolical Benediction.

Given at Castelgandolfo, in the Diocese of Albano, under the Fisherman's Ring, 10th Oct. 1770, and the second Year of our Pontificate.

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

TO THE REV. F. JOHN BAPTISTE MARTINI,
Of the Order of the Brother Minors Conventuals of St. Francis.

DEAR SON,

WE have just received, and with a great deal of pleasure, immediately after the first volume which you sent us, the second which has the History of Music for its subject. It recalls to our mind the friendship which formerly subsisted between us, as well as that probity, candour, and constancy with which you obey the rules of the Cloister; virtues, all of which you possess in an eminent degree.

But since you join to these subjects of encomium such a profound knowledge of Music, you

may believe that what we think most flattering in your present, is, that this new production will display the acuteness of your judgment, the extent of your learning and genius in that department, and will put it frequently in our power, to praise in your person a man whom we sincerely love.

We wish to see so perfect and excellent a work very soon compleated, which will be a subject of new honour to you, and a means for the rest of mankind to search into the origin and progress of that charming art which the Church has solemnly dedicated to the celebration of divine mysteries.

In a word, we wish you to know, that our former good will towards you is always the same as you have frequently experienced in times past; and that we will let no opportunity slip of proving it to you by many and evident instances. We will endeavour to convince you more and more of our paternal love, which is always entirely devoted to you, and to give you a certain pledge of it, we grant you, with effusion of hearts our Apostolical Benediction.

Given at Rome, St. Mary Major, under the Fisherman's Ring, the 12th Jan. 1771, and the second Year of our Pontificate.

LETTER

LETTER CLXXXIX.

TO M. DE HAVERN,

Knight-Counsellor of the Supreme Council of War, and Gentleman of the Imperial Court.

DEAR SON,

WE received with the greatest pleasure, the medal you caused to be struck on the Marriage of our most dear Son in Jesus Christ, Prince Ferdinand Archduke of Austria, containing the portraits of his august family. This present at the same time, was a proof of your veneration for the House of Austria, and of your zeal and regard for us. For while you transmitted to us what must be a most pleasing object, considering the paternal love we bear to him, you have accompanied the gift with sentiments expressive of the highest attachment to us and the Holy See;—sentiments which we answer with the paternal tenderness you so ardently desire; in proof of which, we affectionately grant you our Apostolical Benediction.

Given at St. Mary Major, under the Fisherman's Ring, 20th Nov. 1771, and the third Year of our Pontificate.

LETTER CXC.

TO M. MOLINE, ADVOCATE AT PARIS.

DEAR SON,

THE account of an universal Gallery, and our Portrait printed in Colours which you sent to us, have come safely to our hands. In testimony of our gratitude as well as our paternal love, we grant you our Apostolical Benediction, and likewise to all those who have contributed by their talents to perfect a work which does honour to the French nation.

ROME, the 12th Dec. 1773, the fifth Year of our Pontificate.

LETTER

LETTER CXCI.

TO M. MIGNONNEAU,

Commissary of the Body Guards of the King of France.

DEAR SON,

Health and Apostolical Benediction.

OUR most dear Son Francis Joachim de Bernis, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, when he presented to us a letter from you with the Medallic History of the House of Lorraine, and a Manuscript of Dom. Calmet, relative to that Collection, assured us of your sincere attachment to our person, and the testimony of it he has given, and in which we have the greatest confidence, gives us real pleasure.

You had yourself assured us before-hand of your attachment during your stay in this capital; and you could not have given us more sensible proofs of it, than by offering us the valuable and magnificent

nificent monuments of an august House, which being deposited in the Vatican, will greatly add to the glory and splendor of your *Musæum*.

We have also received with the greatest satisfaction the Copy of your Translation *, which evidently proves to us your taste for Poetry and your progress in Italian Literature.

We refer to the letter that will be written to you by Cardinal de Bernis, whom we have commissioned to testify our favourable disposition towards you, at more length; and in the mean desire that you will be fully convinced, that our boundless esteem perfectly corresponds with the paternal affection we have vowed to you, and which nothing can exceed.

For a testimony of this affection, we give you, with the whole plenitude of our heart, our Apostolic Benediction.

ROME, 12th Jan, 1774, and the fifth Year of our Pontificate.

* Of a Piece of Metastasio, intituled, "*The Clemency of Titus.*"

END OF THE LETTERS.

The Reader will doubtless be pleased with seeing, at the end of these Letters, the Epistle Dedicatory of the Thesis of the R. R. F. F. Cordeliers of Turin, several times mentioned in the course of this Volume. This piece which does honour Ganganelli, does no less to the Dedicator, who, when he was only Consultor of the Holy Office, had penetration enough to fix a just value on his merit, and seemed even then to presage his future glory.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

OF A

THEOLOGICAL THESIS

Depending in the Monastry of St. Francis at Turin,

The 13th Day of September, Anno Dom. 1749,

BY FRIAR CLAUDE ANTHONY VELLET,

OF THE SAME ORDER.

The R. Professor F. Baudier of Chambery, Moderator.

TO THE REV. FATHER M. F. LAURENT, GANGANELLI, S. T. D.

Consultor of the Roman Congregation of the Holy Office, and of the Order of the Minor Conventuals of St. Francis.

WHAT the ancient poets fabulously asserted of Pallas is verified in you, Reverend Father; they describe her as bearing wisdom in her heart, and covered with armour for her defence.

So abundantly is your noble genius, watered, enriched and adorned by the fountains of sacred

knowledge, and so copious and salubrious are the streams which issue from it, that you have deservedly acquired the reputation of being a man endowed with the most sublime wisdom, and have constantly made it a rule to afford to all who had recourse to you for their defence, the most powerful and invincible protection. Nor could any man fight more securely, or triumph more gloriously under the shield of Minerva, than under the beneficent shadow of your name. I therefore descend with security and joy into the lists, as I am so kindly and generously permitted to enter the combat under your happy auspices, which give me a sure omen of success.

To some, perhaps, it may be matter of surprize that a person like me, entirely unknown to you should prefix your name to a Theological Thesis; but the wonder will cease when they reflect that I am of this celebrated and ancient Monastery of Turin, whose sons, so respectable on many accounts, with one unanimous voice of joy, and rather by Divine Inspiration than from Human Wisdom, elected you into the number of the honorary sons of their common mother, an election which they have always looked upon as the greatest honour.

honour. Thus, most Reverend Father, though unknown to you, I am by no means to be looked upon as a stranger, but rather as a member of the same family, as I am using my efforts to complete my education in a house which is become your own.

It is a maxim of jurisprudence, that the produce or building on the soil is the property of the Lord of the soil, therefore these fruits of my labours and vigils could be offered to none with more propriety than to you, as I gathered them in the first college of our province of Piedmont, which may be looked upon to be your peculiar domaine. Accept, therefore, what is your own; indeed if you regard only the giver, the gift is mean, and far below your merit, though the best my poor abilities could offer; but if you regard the subject it is not entirely unworthy of your attention.

I respectfully lay before you a Thesis on a point of Theology, a subject to which as to all the liberal Sciences, you have applied yourself, from your earliest youth, with such vigour and success, that like another Saul, you scarce had any of your cotemporaries equal, none superior. The seraphic Elders among us beheld with reverence and amazement a young Daniel revive in you, when

in

in your tender age they heard you delivering the excellent Oracles of the most profound wisdom and consummate prudence: and hastened to give the man, whom they beheld with joy, distinguished by the Deity with the honours of old age, a seat among the Masters of Israel, that you might spread your instructions as wide as possible.

How excellently, how successfully, most learned patron, you have answered their wishes, or rather exceeded whatever could have been hoped, witness, Ascoli, Fano, Milan, Bologna, which listened to your sublime Lectures, delivered from the chair with the wisdom of a Solomon;—witness those excellent and fruitful seeds of universal learning, which you have with such surprizing skill reared to a copious harvest, and which are every where ripening—Witness to this age, and to the latest posterity, your admirable works in Philosophy and Theology, in which wisdom, that before wore a rigid and austere appearance, especially to Novices, who sought her in the schools, has now changed her frowns into smiles, and looks lovely, since by your hands she has been adorned with the flowers of your real learning and native elo-

quence, and decorated with the more precious gems of an extensive and various erudition.

It is your peculiar and never-dying glory, most Reverend Father, by an art never known before in the schools of Scotus to have cloathed Subtilty with Eloquence, and inspired Eloquence with Subtilty. What wonder then if all masters, as well as scholars, are ambitious, eager and proud to follow you as a faithful and renowned leader, to imitate you as their most perfect pattern, that your elegant and learned productions give them so much pleasure, as now to be in every body's hands, and without the aid of the press fly through the whole seraphic Order, carried solely by the fame of their celebrated author, as by the swiftest pinion.

I congratulate myself on having collected, read and studied some part of them; I willingly and gratefully acknowledge, that if I have made any progress in literature, I owe it, principally, to them. I have, therefore, a new title, that of endless Gratitude, for presenting to you, most beneficent Patron, my Theological Thesis.—*All the rivers return to the place whence they had their source, they enter into the sea, yet it doth not overflow:* I therefore trust that you will not reject these streams

streams though small, which with rapid course hasten to you as to their center, nor will they be rejected by that inexhaustible and almost immense ocean of Wisdom, which Rome alone could contain in her vast bosom.

That queen of nations beheld you with amazement display the various and inestimable treasures of the sweetest eloquence and most solid learning in the public disputes, while with universal applause you with such care and success fulfilled every duty of a *Moderator* in our College of St. Bonaventure.—You therefore appeared with such lustre among the bright luminaries with which the Holy City abounds, that the Sovereign Pontiff, Benedict XIV. one of the most equitable estimators of merit, with more than lynxes eyes, eminently distinguished you, and eagerly honoured you with the arduous and high employment of Consultor, that, like a shining light, you might be placed in a higher candlestick, and thus with more splendor and ease enlighten all who dwell in the house of the Lord.

The event justified his hopes: for from the time that you began to diffuse the copious rays of your wisdom in that awful assembly, composed of the men

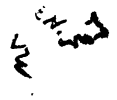
men most eminent for their dignity and knowledge, you immediately became an object of universal admiration; they still rise in their commendations of the perspicuity of your expression, the uniform elegance of your style, and the sure and unerring wisdom with which you resolve the most difficult questions; so that you may justly say with the wise Job, *When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it bore witness unto me.... They who heard me waited my sentence, they held their peace, and were attentive to my counsel.*—Thus shineth, thus sparkleth, the candle in all mens' eyes by the light of your wisdom, Most Reverend Father.

Your love to God and to your Neighbour glows with no less ardor, but I lay my hand upon my mouth. For such is the nature of Apostolic zeal, that it disdains and rejects the praises it has deserved, and will glory in nothing but the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. I therefore pass over in silence your eminent virtues, your unwearied study of piety and regular discipline, the easy courteousness of your manners, your affability in conversation, your sincere desire to oblige, and the other excellent qualities of mind and body for which you

you are universally celebrated; and indeed they who have been happy enough to have a near view of them, and to enjoy the pleasure of your intimacy, declare them to be above all praise.—Yet one of the most eminent is your deep Humility, which I will no longer combat by this unpolished address, being to engage under your auspices in a theological contest more glorious and successful.

END OF VOL. III.

Printed by I. REED, 26, Widegate Street,
Bishopsgate Without, London.



MAY 2 0 1938